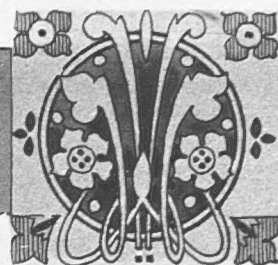




# THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



## A FIELD-MARSHAL'S DAUGHTER MARRIED: MISS ROSAMUND ROBERTSON AND LT. W. LOCKETT AGNEW.

The marriage of Miss Rosamund Mildred Robertson, elder daughter of Field-Marshal Sir William and Lady Robertson, to Lieutenant Walter Lockett Agnew, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Agnew, of Peover Cottage, Cheshire, and Caradiag, Gairloch, took place at Holy Trinity Church, Paddington. The bride wore a gown of

ivory-white crêpe marocain, embroidered with pearls. Her bridesmaids were Miss Helen Robertson (sister), Miss Anthea Cowper, Miss Hilda Marlowe, and Miss Ena Molesworth; Miss Joyce Pidduck and Master Reggie Johnson carried the train, and Miss Rosamund Joseph carried a white satin cushion for the bride to kneel on.

Photograph by T.P.A.



# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

## The Home Busy.

"Every home with a wireless telephone receiving set. This is the vision created by the announcement of Mr. Kellaway, the Postmaster-General, that a broadcast service of wireless news is to be instituted in this country."

"The day when theatres will have become things of the past, when actors and actresses will cease to appear in the flesh, and dramatic entertainments will be obtained at home by every subscriber to a State service, is a prophetic dream of Mr. Julian Wylie, the Hippodrome producer."

Two extracts from the same edition of my evening paper! Let us examine them. Let us, in the first place, see how they harmonise with the Society for Brightening Up Poor Old London.

The electrophone we already have. An admirable idea for keeping people at home. "The Theatre by the Fireside" I think it is called.

But the electrophone is not enough of itself to keep people at home. They must have other inducements. Bridge will not do it; dancing will not do it; even love will not do it. Victorian lovers, I understand, sat in the parlour with the lamp turned uncomfortably low. Georgian lovers embrace each other in the brightest possible light, and move their feet to music at one and the same time.

## The Wireless-Telephone Party.

Will the wireless telephone keep them at home? I doubt it.

The idea is entrancing—to loll back in your chair, feet raised, cigar in mouth, listening to concerts in the United States! Splendid! But what if the concert comes out like this—

"!!!sbhc it1(91;)36 luLBFO £+2chuillUG1—44ssggit!!!U via,3290." Will that be sufficient lure for you, friend the reader? Yes, for one night, perhaps. You will be able to give a wireless-telephone party. "Such an easy way of amusing people, my dear! And so cheap! No music! No entertainers! They will just sit in chairs, with the receiver thing over their ears, and look idiotic! You must apply for a licence, or whatever you have to do, at once."

However, it may be a great success. I hope so. I like everything to be a success that deserves it. And if it fails, there is always Mr. Julian Wylie. I now turn to Mr. Wylie.

I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Julian Wylie for several really clever and amusing revues—not the Hippodrome variety; I have never, as it happens, seen one of those since Mr. Wylie took charge; but the revues that Mr. Wylie kindly sends to my little seaside home.

## Retaliation.

"The amalgamation of the film with the work of the actor," declares Mr. Wylie, "will lead to the synchronisation of the actor's voice and gestures with the picture by a mechanical instrument. Speaking pictures will be the result. Gradually these will displace the theatre. Actors as seen by the public nowadays will become a thing of the past. Instead they will be employed only in the making of records and films. Then the Government of

switch on a complete drama, opera, musical comedy, revue, or music-hall entertainment in his own drawing-room, using a wall on which to exhibit the pictures. The people who first exploit the home theatre will make fabulous profits from them, and I intend to lead the way."

Thus Mr. Julian Wylie in the *Evening Standard*.

Well, my gratitude for some cheery evenings will not prevent me from making a fortune for myself by turning the tables on Mr. Wylie. As soon as the "Home Theatre" has lost its novelty, I shall secure one of the old abandoned London theatres. I shall then issue a manifesto of this sort—

## LIVING ACTORS AND ACTRESSES! A STARTLING INNOVATION!!!

What would you say if we offered to show you in the flesh all those actors and actresses with whose beauty, charm, and brilliance you are so familiar on the wall of your drawing-room?

What would you say if, instead of mechanical pictures and mechanical voices, we gave you *real* people, with *real* voices, *really* talking to each other in a *real* room?

This is what your ancestors enjoyed for generation after generation. This is how the plays of the Immortal Shakespeare were introduced to the world. This is how the ancient Greeks unfolded their poignant tragedies.

We can do it. We have arranged to do it. Get out of that stuffy room you call the "Home Theatre," and come to a Real Theatre and see the magical difference.

You will never want the "Home Theatre" again.

Yes. The people who first exploit the Real Theatre will make a fabulous profit from it, Mr. Wylie, and I trust I shall be on hand to lead the way. All the same, and in the meantime, send us some more of those jolly little revues with real fun in them and no nastiness. You know the sort I mean. Nobody knows better.

The committee who have been investigating the training of performing animals, I read, will recommend to Parliament that there should be a register of trainers, a committee of control, increased power of inspection, and very heavy penalties for offences.

Good. "The kindly trainers can have no objection," comments one writer; "whereas, if there are men who use cruelty in teaching tricks, the sooner they are laid by the heels the better."

But why "by the heels"? Can't we have them hung up by their noses?



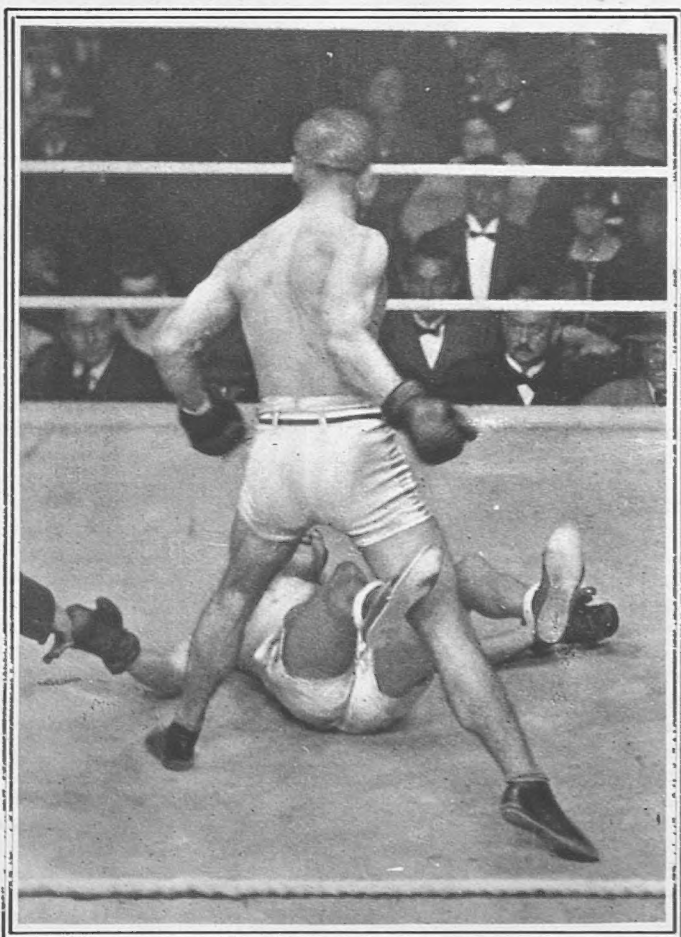
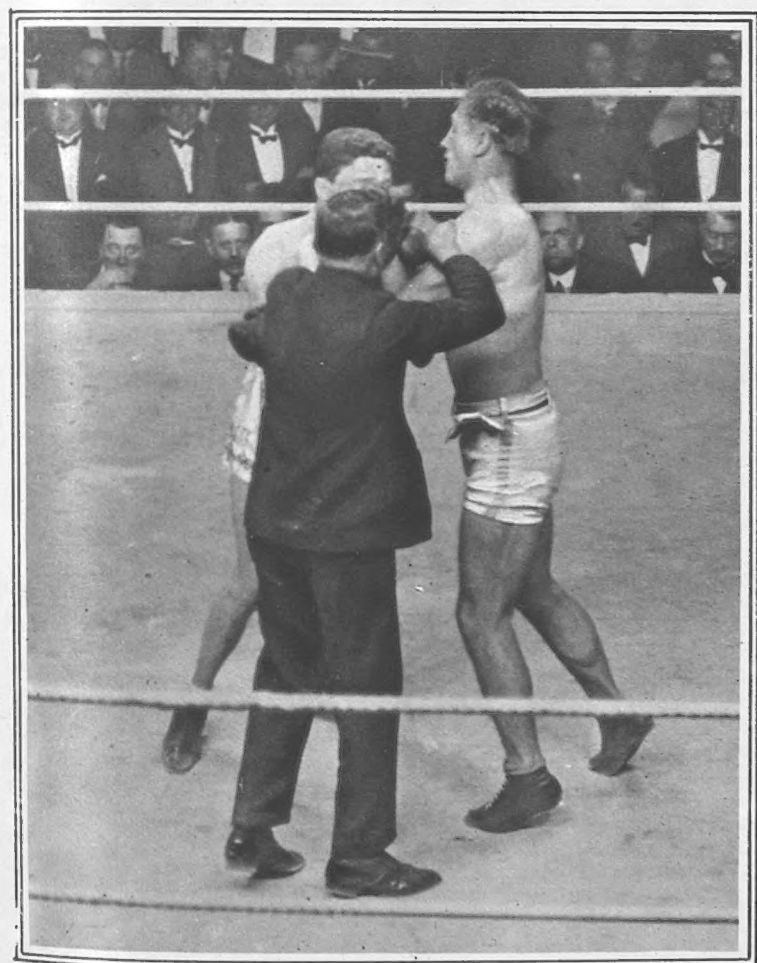
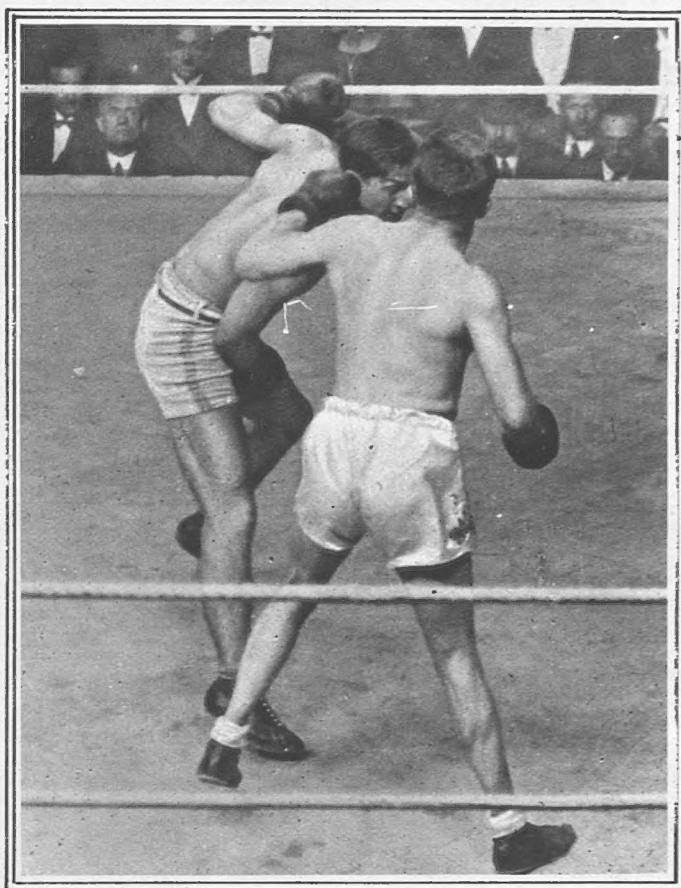
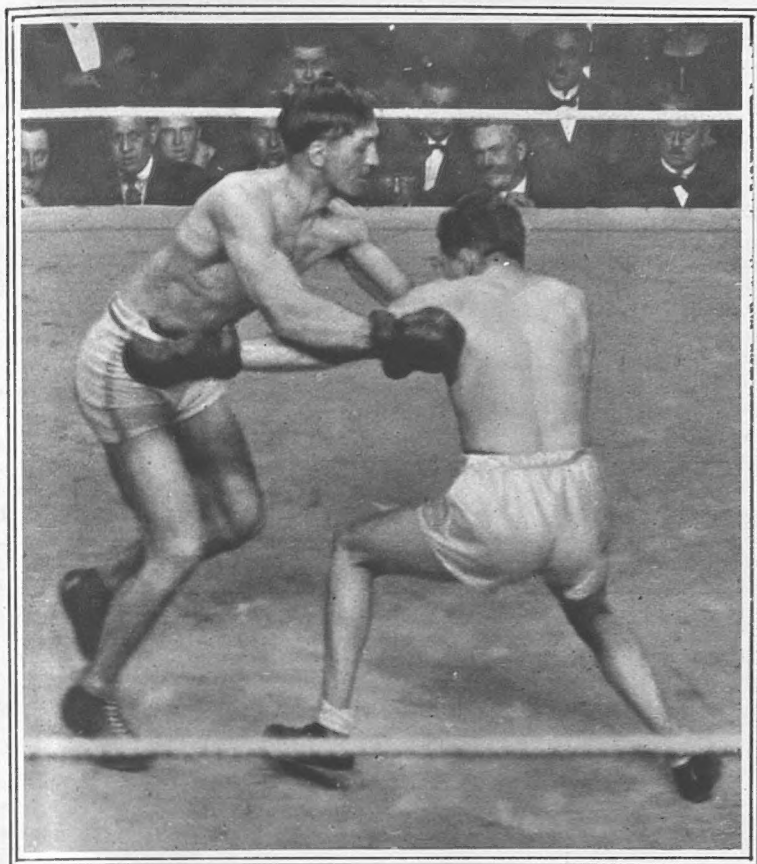
THE DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS PRIMA-DONNA:  
MISS MARIE EDWARDES.

Miss Marie Edwardes is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Cecil Edwardes, third son of the fourth Lord Kensington, who was killed in action in 1917, and of Mme. Edvina, the famous English operatic star. Mme. Edvina, it will be remembered, is now the wife of Major Rothesay Montagu Stuart-Wortley. She and her husband are now living at Lord Grimthorpe's villa, near Naples.—(Photograph by Bassano.)

that day will buy out all the theatres in the kingdom to run in the interests of the nation." (This is a little vague. Does Mr. Wylie suggest that the theatres will be turned into more Government offices? Oh, no! Life is not as bad as that.) "Cables will be laid, and everyone who cares to subscribe will be able to



# The 2½-Minutes Fiasco: The Carpentier - Lewis Fight.



## CARPENTIER KNOCKS OUT LEWIS IN THE FIRST ROUND: PHASES OF THE FIGHT.

The fight between Georges Carpentier and Ted (Kid) Lewis at Olympia for the Light Heavy-Weight Championship of the World was an unsatisfactory affair. Carpentier knocked out his opponent with a short

powerful right in the first round, after a fight of 2½ minutes. Our photographs show phases of the fight: the last of them the actual knock-out.—[Photographs by I.B.]

# The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

## The Return of the Prince.

Now that the actual date of the arrival of the Prince of Wales is fixed, London is getting more and more excited. His Royal Highness is due to arrive at Plymouth Sound on the evening of June 20. The *Renown* will proceed up harbour next morning to Devonport Dockyard, whence, by train, the Prince will leave for London, thus arriving in our midst happily the day before his birthday—June 23.

Last week, with the band playing "Rolling Home," and escorted by Japanese cruisers,

distress may appear on the political horizon, the whole world knows the courage and steadfastness of England's King. He alone is verily England. His yea and his nay will for ever be England's yea and nay. His family, more than any other family in the Empire, have fulfilled England's Ideal in private and public life, step by step; and as his Majesty visited the graves of his heroes last week, it was good to know that the myriad minds at home were watching with love and more loyalty than ever yet has leapt from the soul of a people.

Jane visited those acres of little white crosses not very long ago. And the strange part was that they sent her home *indescribably happy*. Heroes have a way of heartening you wherever they may be. And if they made a mere nonentity hold up her head like that, what *must* they have done to their own King? I expect the old brown earth grew green as England's Queen walked over England's immortal martyrs, placing her flowers with the tenderness that is so natural to her warm mother's heart. I expect her tears reached the root of the tenderness of all the world. The old mothers in Yorkshire, in Cornwall, in Australia, in India, in Canada; and the young widows and the lovely daughters and sisters . . . each of them was surely there with our Queen, laying a flower at the shrine of her own particular hero. No wonder the sun shone at last—and the birds sang, and the blossoms broke through the buds.

## In the Park.

In the Park we jumped straight from mid-winter to June without any preliminaries whatsoever. And the people swarmed like ants, and actually Jane fled to the shade of a tree on Sunday—partly for shade, and partly to avoid the people I do not love. The Park is always full of one's bugbears! But in the afternoon there was breathing space. Sitting under the trees were Albertha Lady Blandford, the Dowager Lady Tweeddale, and Lady Blanche Conyngham. Walking with her husband and little girl, Lady Joan Verney; Mrs. Claude Beddington walking with Baroness de Worms; one of Lady Normanton's attractive girls sitting with another pretty girl; Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, Mr. William Gillett, a dozen or so more well-known oldish men, and that was all. Time was when you saw everyone you knew in Hyde Park opposite Dorchester House on Sunday evenings. But the motor-car has changed all that. Now we rush to the country—if only for the day—or to Ranelagh, or Roehampton, or the river, and poor London remains only for the aged or the infirm—or the luckless ones of this world who cannot even afford a Ford car!

But I saw crowds of "well-knowns" at the Palace Theatre on Monday (15th) afternoon, at the *matinée* in aid of the Church of England Waifs and Strays. Lady Alington was the leading spirit, and she had persuaded most of her friends to take boxes or stalls. The seventeenth-century ballet, "The Gentleman Dancing Master," by F. R. Harris, played to Purcell's music, was particularly delightful.

Miss Edith Craig produced it, and there were several well-known people in the cast, including Princess Bibesco (whom we last saw on the stage taking a leading part in a play of her own versatile imagination), Lady George Cholmondeley (who, when Mrs. Christopher Lowther, played Water so beautifully in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" for some

war charity), Miss Poppy Baring, Miss Viola Baring, Miss Sibell Archdale, Miss Nicola Blake, Miss Mary Latta, Mr. Anthony Asquith (the much-talked-of "Puffin" of the Diary), and ever so many other interesting people of talent.

Amongst the audience were Lady Lindsey, Lady Hawke (who is about a good deal now with her girl, Miss Marjorie Cross), and most of the patronesses, including Mrs. Archdale, Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, Lady Swaythling, Lady Baring, and Lady Latta, who also were delighted with "One Touch of Art," the sketch adapted by George Paston from a story by Ambrose Bierce, in which Mr. Ernest Thesiger and Mr. Tom Weguelin appeared.

## Tennis Tournament at Highgate.

Next Wednesday we shall most of us motor out to Highgate, I suppose, to see some really good lawn-tennis—exhibition games and a tournament arranged by H.R.H. Princess Alice and her committee in aid of Princess Alice's Own Troop of Boy Scouts.

Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield are lending their garden at West Hill for it, and most of the "Society" tennis-players will take part, as well as the almost professional experts. The Blandfords, the Rocksavages, and, of course, Lady Wavertree and Lady Zia Wernher, Lady Ward, Lord Balfour, Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes, Mrs. Romilly

1. This is Angela, Kitten, and Aunt Babsie starting forth at break of day to walk from London to Brighton. As Aunt Babsie sees fit to attire herself as a Boy Scout, Kitten and Angela walk in their ordinary clothes.

and the British cruiser H.M.S. *Durban*, the *Renown* steamed out of Kagoshima Harbour for Manila, in the Philippines.

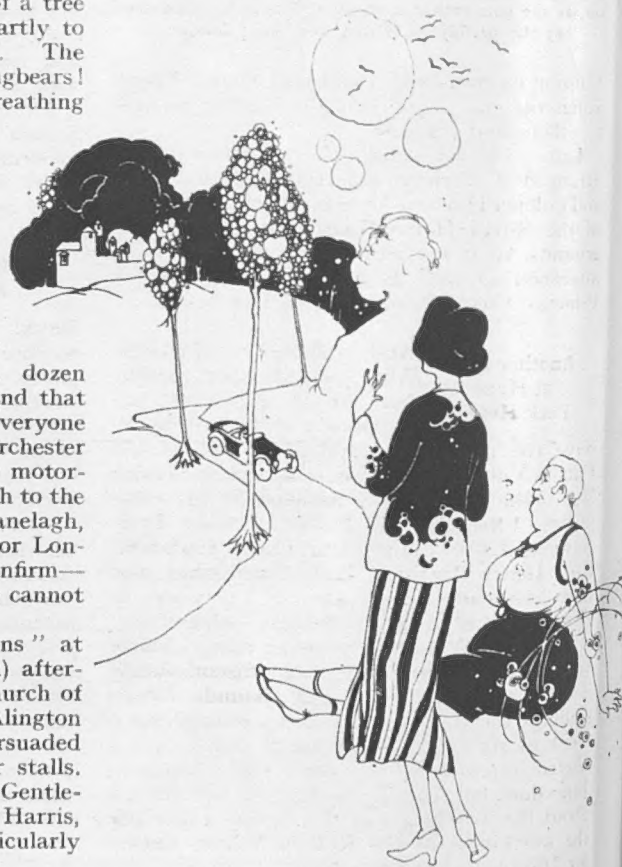
Princess Mary, meanwhile, has been giving her first dinner-parties—chiefly to the younger members of the Royal Family. The Duke of York has been working strenuously everywhere, patronising this and that—so have the younger Princes, who during their eldest brother's absence have become much better known to the public. And our hearts and minds all last week were in Belgium with our beloved King and Queen.

## The Meeting of Two Kings.

What a wonderful reception they had, and what a momentous meeting—the meeting of two Kings who, more than any kings since the beginning of time, suffered with their suffering peoples while their indomitable soldiers were saving the civilisation of the world! And how happily the Royal visit coincided with the difficult situation in international polity! It is good to be reminded as much as possible during these democratic days of all our beloved King still stands for. Whatever cloud of distrust or



GLADYS PETO.



GLADYS PETO.

2. Kitten finds the walks excessively boring, and poor Aunt Babsie is utterly exhausted almost at once; so Kitten hails a passing car and begs a lift. . . .

(Mrs. Winston Churchill's attractive sister) Lady Ribblesdale, Lord Ednam (Lady Ednam has just presented him with a second son).



Lord Cavan, Lord Lovat, Lord Rochdale, Wing-Commander Louis Greig, and several others.

King Manoel and the Duke of York have also promised to play, I hear; and Mr. "Max" Woosnam will be the great man of the day, and Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mrs. Beamish the greatest lady players after Mrs. Lambert Chambers. Unfortunately, the Army

### At the Embassy Club.

But all these big balls do not interfere with the popularity of the Embassy Club or with Ciro's. Last week both were fuller than ever, and especially on the late nights when all the members of the younger sets dine frequently and dance to their hearts' content.

Mrs. Dudley Coats, back from her honeymoon, was at the Embassy one night with her husband, looking very well in a "tabac" crêpe marocain. She sat at a table that included Mr. Montague—the great financier, a brother of the ex-Minister. The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme was at another table, and Sir Alfred Stern and his fiancée were chaperoned by her newly married sister. The Lionel Tennysons were with another party—Mrs. Tennyson looking quite beautiful. She is, to Jane's thinking, quite the loveliest young married woman in London to-day, without exception. Her tiny head, big eyes, sweet expression, and dainty figure are wonderfully attractive. Amongst the mere men were Lord Dalmeny, Captain Boyd-Rochfort, and that good-looking son of Lord and Lady Willingdon—young Freeman-Thomas.

The worst of men these days is that so many of them are usually in training for some game or other and insist on early nights. Lord Wodehouse, for instance, who is already playing excellent polo. He and his bride looked wonderfully well together the other day at Roehampton. Lord Rocksavage is another who will not suffer many late nights gladly.

### Señora de Palencia.

The Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val have been sending out notices to their friends of two lectures on Spanish costume and folklore and old Spanish legends by Señora de Palencia, to be given in English at the Æolian Hall on May 26 and June 2. They will be illustrated by rare and beautiful costumes from Aragon, Valencia, Salamanca, Toledo, Segovia, Galicia, Valle de Anso, etc. and there will be lovely illustrations of shawls and mantillas belonging to all the romantic epochs. If this is not enough to attract, there will also be some fine views of Spain's most interesting towns and artistic monuments.

I remember seeing a charming portrait of Señora de Palencia (whose maiden name was Beatriz Galindo) painted by Maurice Fromkes; and I, for one, shall certainly hope to see much from Spain's artistic treasury on the 26th.

### Lady Violet Astor.

Lady Violet Astor's ball on the 18th (to-morrow) ought to be a very jolly one. His Royal Highness the Duke of York is going to dine with Lady Cunard and go on with her party to it. Mrs. E. Cunard's ball has been postponed to the 25th, and now there is a great gnashing of teeth among would-be dance hostesses who, not having fixed a date long ago, perforce must give their parties on the same night as several others.

Lady Curzon's illness prevented her fixing her date for the coming-out ball of her step-daughter, Lady Alexandra Curzon. And now she is in Paris for a week, where she went to install her elder boy, Alfred Duggan, with a French family for a few months to learn the language perfectly before he goes up to Balliol in the autumn. Lord Curzon is still far from well, I hear, and still unable to resume his work at the Foreign Office, though his intimates say he does more work in his bed than most men would do in any office in a life-time.

### The London Group Again.

Are we on the eve of still greater conversions to the Royal Academy school of art? At the Mansard Gallery, the revolutionary London Group appears at last to be toning down. All the rebels, even including Mr. Roger Fry, are exhibiting most academic touches, and there is one quite normal nude—a lady whose anatomical proportions would satisfy even a modern professor of physical culture!

Some of the art critics expect Mr. Fry shortly to be exhibiting in the Royal Academy, but Jane says it won't signify, for by that time the Royal Academy will have entirely changed its own tone. I suppose the great thing always, with some temperaments, is to be *out of the rut*. And, after all, Jane is with them. Liberty—that's the mirage one must strive for—at least in youth; though sooner or later you grow to realise it is only a mirage, and that, as you have to conform to all laws in the end, you might as well have ceased to long for lawlessness at the outset. There's philosophy for you!

But Chelsea is no longer the home only of philosophers and artists. Lady Colefax has for some time owned that delightful house, Argyle Lodge. Lord and Lady Ednam—Lord Dudley's heir—have a house in Cheyne Walk that is almost as roomy as a country house. Sir Archibald Sinclair—he used to be one of Mr. Winston Churchill's secretaries—has a house "on the river," which his wife—a daughter of the artistic Lady Angela Forbes—has decorated delightfully. And the Lionel Tennysons are not far off.

### At Christie's.

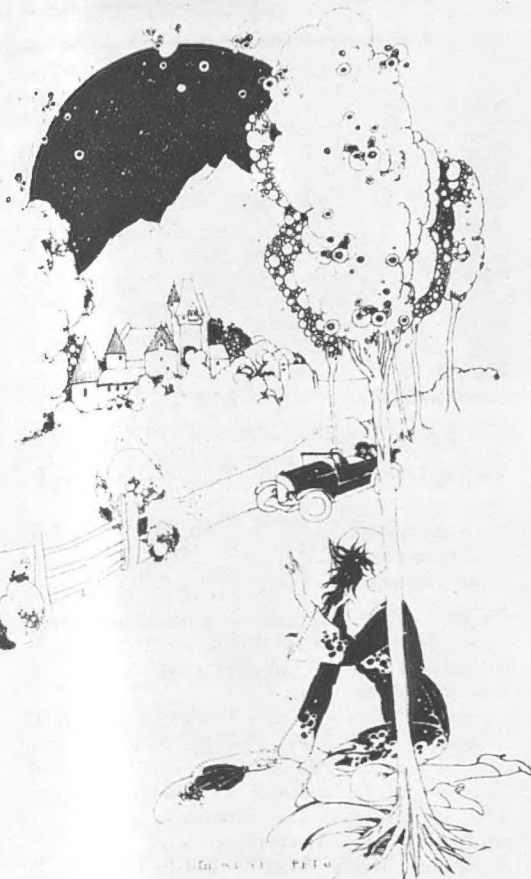
The Burdett-Coutts Sale has been of huge interest to thousands this week. The Garrick-Hogarth-Shakespeare chair alone was sufficient to draw all lovers of art and literature. A description of the chair appears in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting." It was designed by Hogarth for David Garrick, and Hogarth himself is supposed to have carved the medalion portrait of Shakespeare out of a piece of Shakespeare's own mulberry tree. Mr. W. W. Sampson was the lucky buyer.

And there is just room left to say that hundreds of people attended the wedding of the Viceroy of Ireland's only son, Captain FitzAlan-Howard, to Miss Joyce Langdale. The bride looked charming in a magnificent gown of gold brocade cut in long classical lines, with two pointed panels; her train of gold net was edged with old brocade, and her veil was becomingly arranged off the face under an arum lily over each ear.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



4. Indeed, mutual recriminations take up so much time that, in order not to disappoint the assembled crowds waiting to cheer them at Brighton—they have to go on by train.



3. Most unhappily, Angela chooses to hail the identical car, as she gets rather tired also. She is too distressed by the perfidy of Kitten and Aunt Babsie.

training on Salisbury Plain will absorb Major Kingscote and Major Ambrose Dudley, as well as other good players.

Lady Colefax and Miss Cazalet have arranged a variety entertainment indoors; and Colonel Howard-Vyse is allowing the band of the Royal Horse Guards to play in the grounds, so it certainly ought to be a jolly afternoon as well as a source of profit for Princess Alice's Own Troop of Boy Scouts.

### Another Ball at Hyde Park Hotel.

And talking of Princess Alice, on Monday (22nd), her Royal Highness has graciously consented to receive the guests at the ball in aid of the

Enham Village Centre for Disabled ex-Service Men. She will be ably assisted by her committee, consisting of Lady Bective, Lady Newnes, Lady Linlithgow, Lady Titchfield, Lady Henry Bentinck, Lady Swaythling, and Lady Grogan; and almost everyone in London seems to be a patroness—except me; and Jane finds that there are so many charity balls these days that she must disconsolately decline them all! Eight pounds fifteen shillings certainly sounds cheap enough for a block of six tickets—but not if you receive a similar appeal by almost every post. Anyhow, Jane does her best by telling all her friends about the worthiness of the cause—especially the worthiness of the Enham Village Centre for Disabled ex-Service Men.

### The Ball at Eresby House.

Lady Carisbrooke has organised a big ball to take place at Eresby House on

the 30th; but, of course, her deep mourning will prevent her being present. It is in aid of the Friends of the Poor, of which most deserving charity her Highness Princess Marie Louise is President.

# Plays—Without Prejudice.

## ON THE OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

### Opera.

There is—it is not the slightest use in attempting to deny it—a Something about the Opera. It has an Air. There is about it what the "London Letter" of the *Biggleswade Argus* has described in its piquant way as a *je ne sais quoi*. You may start off for Covent Garden in a jaded Homburg hat and a world-weary soft collar. But you will feel, before you have been four minutes inside that mausoleum of Victorian elegance, as though you were in Faultless Evening Dress (if we may quote our eloquent contemporary once again)—and probably wearing a few decorations into the bargain. It is the Tiara Touch.

### The Motive.

And that is why half the world goes. The foolish half. But as it pays rather more for its seats than the other half, and manages somehow to look about twice as nice, it is a section that matters more than a little to the tired gentleman in the box-office. The rest of us just go because we want to hear an opera. And that, in these times when opera is only heard in London as an occasional visitor to the Old Vic, is a sufficient motive. So we went. In our best clothes.

**Offenbach.** And we had—it is purely boastful to write about it, because the occasion can never be reproduced—a peculiar thrill. The piece was called "The Goldsmith of Toledo," and the thrill was that we, having been born at various dates between the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria and the South African War, managed to defy chronology and get ourselves present at an Offenbach first night. It really had the faded, authentic air of Second Empire dandyism. One half expected to be told, on coming out of the theatre, that the Duc de Morny was not quite so well, and the Empress Eugénie had invented a new type of bolero. One enjoyed it, if only for that feeling.

**Serenade.** But not only for that feeling. Because there is a good deal more than the mild attraction of sentimental associations about the anthology of posthumous fragments which ingenious compilers have put together from the pieces left over from that rich man's banquet when he left it. There is a moment of musical and scenic beauty in the second Act when a number of cloaked maskers who have strayed out of Longhi to Toledo sing the pleasant air which the programme firmly describes as "the famous Serenade." And there is a rare opportunity for dramatic singing all through the part of the sinister Goldsmith himself.

### A Weakness.

The least satisfactory part of the whole production is the Prologue, which is really a long first Act. There is an ambitious attempt on the part of the scenery to present a Hispano-Mauresque interior, of which the effect is frankly Cadena. And there is some tedious explanation of the dramatic situation from which the opera is to make its start. Miss Beatrice Miranda, if it is not ungallant to say so, is hardly well cast as the dashing Marquesa who impulsively wears her new pearls at the wrong moments. The interests of drama have been brutally sacrificed at this point to the exigencies of music. And it is just one of those weaknesses that make opera unconvincing, and even faintly ludicrous, to the irreverent.

### Drama.

But after that the story swings rapidly along. The haggard, homicidal Reveller is admirably presented by Mr. Augustus Milner, and his daughter is very charmingly sung by Miss Eda Bennie, who makes

at least reconstitute Offenbach. And they did. It was really delightful to sit there and hear the old-fashioned duets of that lean *maestro* hopping pleasantly to their predestined ends. One felt a comfort, a security, a cheerful certainty that the music would never let one down suddenly into a discord. And one's feeling was always right. Offenbach never betrayed his public. They expected something pleasant. And he saw that they got it. That—*pace* the accomplished persons who write musical criticism about themselves and each other instead of about music—is what Opera is for.

### Critics.

At least, so it seemed to us. But, then, of course, we knew very little about it. We had heard, that is to say, considerably more about Wagner and Bizet and (horror of horrors!) Mascagni than we had ever managed to pick up on the subject of Mr. Ernest Newman and Mr. W. J. Turner. And if you only know about musicians, you don't know anything about music, do you?

### Taste and the Public.

Anyway, we enjoyed it. In breach of all the rules. Because one ought, according to the best canons, to be unspeakably offended by the old-fashioned melody of Offenbach. Nobody is going to sit up and stare respectfully your way in a Chelsea drawing-room if you say that Offenbach amuses you. It marks you out at once as a member of the public. And everyone knows that operas are produced for the critics. But perhaps the management was thinking about the public as well.



MAKING A GREAT SUCCESS AS DELORYSE IN "WOMAN TO WOMAN" ON TOUR: MISS DIANA BOURBON.

Miss Diana Bourbon has been making a big success in the leading part of Michael Morton's "Woman to Woman" on tour. She is a young actress, having only just said good-bye to her teens, and displays great emotional power in the exacting rôle of Deloryse.

Photograph by Swaine.

one genuinely regret the abrupt termination of so amiable a young lady by a knife and a wriggle. But that, one is glad to say, is not until the end of the last Act; and before you get there, one has an excellent scene in a square with operatic processions and revels in the best tradition. They were pleasant to look at and charming to listen to. And what more, unless you insist on the grinding noise called Stravinsky, do you ask of Opera?

### The Old Feeling.

So there it was—three hours of melodious music and industrious singers. And if they could not re-create Toledo for us, they could



"LASS O' LAUGHTER" INVADES LORD MAXWELL'S DRESSING-ROOM: RICHARDS (MR. LIONEL WILLIAMS), LORD MAXWELL (MR. FREDERICK WORLOCK), AND JEAN STIRLING (MISS NAN MARRIOTT WATSON) (L. TO R.).

Miss Nan Marriott Watson plays the name-part in "Lass o' Laughter," the comedy at the Queen's, of which she is part-author with Miss Edith Carter, and makes a charming and innocently high-spirited Jean. Our photograph shows the moment when Richards discovers her in Lord Maxwell's room at 2 a.m. She has gone there because she thinks he is ill and needs assistance.

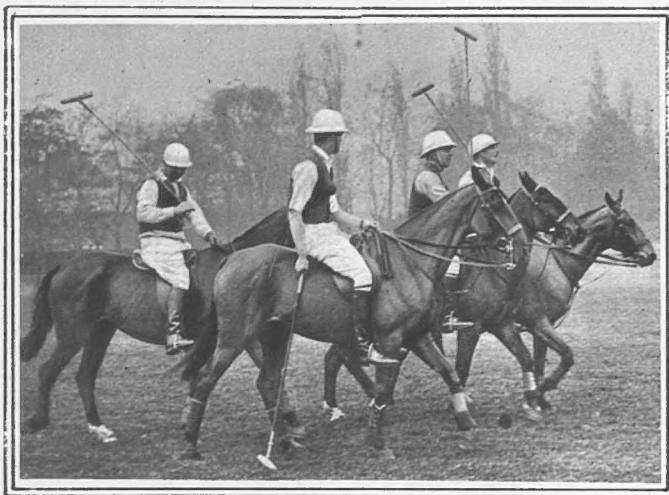
Photograph by Stage Photo Co.



# Topical Events: Society and Sporting Pictures.



WINNER OF THE GOLD VASE AT STOKES POGES: MR. W. A. MURRAY.



PLAYING FOR ROEHAMPTON: LORD BLANDFORD, MR. J. N. MORRISON, MAJOR S. C. DEED, AND MR. L. R. S. HOLWAY.



WINNER OF THE £1000 TOURNAMENT: GEORGE DUNCAN, WHO DID A 68.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. CHARLES HENRY BENTINCK AND MISS LUCY VICTORIA BUXTON: THE WEDDING GROUP.



SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR AT A LINER'S 820-SQUARE-FT. BATH: MISS WINNIE ELLIOTT.



HAVING LUNCH WITH HER ALSATIAN WOLF-DOG, DANDY: MISS OLIVE ORR-EWING, AT BATH.



THE BATH CANINE SOCIETY'S CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW: JUDGING THE COCKER SPANIELS.

Mr. W. A. Murray won the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase with an aggregate of 151 (75 and 76).—The polo season began at Roehampton, Hurlingham, and Ranelagh last week.—George Duncan won the "Daily Mail" £1000 Golf Tournament at St. Andrews, with 79, 77, 76, 68=300. His golf in the last round, when he was 7 strokes behind the leader, was marvellous, and by doing a 68, he has established a record. Never before has 70 been beaten in a competition over the old course in "full dress order."—Miss Lucy Victoria Buxton, whose marriage to Mr. Charles Henry Bentinck, Councillor of the British

Legation at Athens, and second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Bentinck and Countess Bentinck, was celebrated recently at Waltham Abbey, is the daughter of the late Sir T. F. Victor Buxton. She was given away by her brother, Sir T. Fowell Buxton.—Miss Winnie Elliott, the lady swimming instructor of the "Majestic," is an ex-champion and holds the Diploma of the Royal Life-Saving Society. The swimming-bath on board the White Star liner is a magnificent affair, with an area of 820 square feet. It is provided with thirty dressing-rooms and a gallery for spectators.—[Photographs by Swaine and S. and G.]



## PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

## "LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S).

One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout, especially in the case of the two dual rôles, played by J. H. Roberts and Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.

## "THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).

The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.

## "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

## "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" (SCALA).

A Griffith film play of the French Revolution, of the very best type, convincing and exciting.

## EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD PLAYS.

## 1. "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

## 2. "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

## \*3. "DEAR BRUTUS" (WYNDHAM'S).

Barrie's interesting comedy. A welcome revival.

## 4. "TONS OF MONEY" (SHAFTESBURY).

Very funny English farce. Ralph Lynn and Yvonne Arnaud first-rate.

## 5. "A TO Z" (PRINCE OF WALES'S).

New version, with new songs, dresses, scenes, etc.; with Miss Maisie Gay, on her return to London, Miss Teddie Gerard, Mr. Jack Buchanan, and Miss "Gertie" Lawrence still in form. In every way "a jolly good show."

## 6. "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).

The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

## 7. "ROUND IN 50" (LONDON HIPPODROME).

Most amusing, and charmingly spectacular. A very modern sequel to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." George Robey at his best; and excellent work by Barry Lupino, Renée Reel, and others.

## 8. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).

A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained.

## 9. BRITISH OPERA (COVENT GARDEN).

Season of opera in English. Very well worth attending.

## 10. "OTHER PEOPLE'S WORRIES" (KINGSWAY).

By R. C. Carton. Quite amusing. Miss Compton characteristic. Also Athene Seyler capital; and C. M. Lowne, Edmund Willard, Compton Courtis, and Forrester Harvey

## PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

## 1. FRENCH PLAYERS (COURT).

Matinée season. Excellent.

## 2. "WINDOWS" (COURT).

Interesting and extremely well acted.

## 3. "POT LUCK" (VAUDEVILLE).

Revue *intime*.

## 4. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy

## 5. "IF FOUR WALLS TOLD" (ROYALTY).

Edyth Goodall.

## 6. "THE CARD-PLAYERS" (SAVOY).

Rather long; but well acted and well written.

## 7. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

A Barrie play.

## 8. "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" (GARRICK).

French farce.

## 9. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE)

A "Follyish" show.

## 10. "DECAMERON NIGHTS" (DRURY LANE).

Very beautiful spectacle.

## 11. THE GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).

New series of plays.

## 12. "MR. WU" (NEW).

Matheson Lang and Lillian Braithwaite in their original parts.

## 13. "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" (NEW OXFORD).

Revue magnificent.

## 14. "MR. PIM PASSES BY" (GLOBE).

A welcome revival.

## 15. "THE CURATE'S EGG" (AMBASSADORS).

Nelson Keys' Revue.

## \*16. "TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY" (STRAND)

Arthur Bourchier in his old part.

## 17. "LASS O' LAUGHTER" (QUEEN'S).

Sweetly sentimental comedy. "Peg o' My Heart"-ish.

## 18. "HIS GIRL" (GAIETY).

Musical Comedy.



THE REVIVAL OF "MR. WU," AT THE NEW THEATRE: IN THE LOTUS GARDEN OF MR. WU'S HOUSE.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments quite

worth seeing. None of these "mentions" is paid for. Productions too late for this list will be "placed" in our next number. We give the plays mentioned in the order of their merit according to our opinion. \* First mention in our list.



This Week's Studdy.



"THE FAITHFUL HEART."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



# Once Banned by an Emperor's Indiscretion: A Chinese Actress.



## IN THE PLAY "NAN-TIEN-MEN": THE UNJUSTLY CONDEMNED WIFE SAVED BY A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

This beautiful illustration by M. Alexandre Jacovleff is from the recently published "The Chinese Theatre," a review of which appears in another part of this issue. The rôles of women are usually played by young men, although mixed and all-feminine companies do exist. Under the reign of the Yuan Emperors (the Mongol Dynasty, 1280-1368), women acted on the stage, but after the Emperor

K'ien-long took one for a concubine, the Chinese stage was deprived of actresses till 1900. There was, however; one exception to this rule, as, some forty years ago, a company composed of women was formed at Shanghai, and played in the Mau-eul-hi, or Theatre of Cats, which still exists. In 1900 mixed companies were again allowed, but the majority of women's parts are still played by men.

Reproduced from "The Chinese Theatre," by courtesy of John Lane.



## Of the Theatre of Masks Without Masks.



PAINTING HIS FACE TO RESEMBLE A MASK: A CHINESE ACTOR.

The make-up used by Chinese actors is of a special character, and may be termed a coloured mask painted on the face. Our page shows one of M. Jacovleff's illustrations of "The Chinese Theatre." He writes: "The painted mask reminds one of those seen on ancient pictures. . . . It is a real mask in which only the eyes live. . . . Often the

mouth . . . is entirely hidden by a thick, silky beard. But even without the beard the ornamentation of the painted mask is so precise and conventional that the mouth takes no part in the play of expression. That is why the Chinese theatre—although actual masks are very rarely used—is the theatre of masks. . . ."

*Reproduced from "The Chinese Theatre," by courtesy of John Lane.*

## Summer Finery in the Winter Garden.



THE HEROINE OF "SALLY": MISS DOROTHY DICKSON.

Miss Dorothy Dickson, the fascinating young actress who plays the lead in "Sally," the successful musical comedy at the Winter Garden Theatre, brought back some wonderful frocks and fine feathers

from Paris, for the latest edition of the production. As well as being one of the leading young actresses of the day, Miss Dickson is well known on the films.

*Photograph by Bertram Park.*





## Vardon's Perfect Swing. By R. Endersby Howard.

### The Peerless Stylist.

Not once, but dozens of times, I have heard people say something to this effect after seeing Harry Vardon play golf: "It's very wonderful, but what on earth can you learn from it? It's like watching a fish swim: Providence knows how it does it so easily, but it does." It is a rather remarkable fact that, after being in the public eye for a quarter of a century, Vardon is still unchallenged as the peerless stylist. Hundreds of players of various degrees of excellence have arisen since he won his first championship, but not one has ever so much as been compared with him for perfect grace of golfing action. George Duncan—who set out to model his style mostly on that of Vardon—has perhaps come nearest. But even he has never quite caught the master's way.

### An Analysis.

In these circumstances, Vardon is obviously an impossible person to copy. But to say that he plays golf so naturally as to make his methods beyond understanding is a fallacy. Reduce him to an analysis, and there is much to be learnt. Let us suppose that we have had Vardon's swing on the dissecting-table for a long while, and made a thorough examination of all the parts. What are the details that strike us as being most interesting and important? I should say (1) the way in which he starts the club back, and (2) the stillness of his head until after the ball has been struck.

**The Straight-Back Start.** It has taken the latest developments in slow-motion photography to disclose in full the secret of Vardon's manner of starting the swing. Duncan lighted on it some years ago. I remember he told me that, after another careful inspection, he had come to the conclusion that the reason Vardon kept every shot so straight was that, for at least six inches after the beginning, he had the club-face square to the ball, just as it was in the address: that neither the toe nor the heel turned out of position in the least degree in the early stage of the movement. In the absence of definite proof, this was too terrible a discovery to hurl at the golfing community.

**A Revolutionary Revelation.** From time immemorial, almost every professional and every text-book have declared that the correct swing must be inaugurated by a steady half-turn of the left wrist towards the body. I have read whole

books written round this one detail—books that reiterated in every possible form its importance as the fundamental, the greatest principle of the golf swing. Is it utterly wrong? Have the world's two million golfers been on the wrong track from the start? The Vardon film suggests that it is so!

**Hands First.** It shows that for very nearly—and probably fully—six inches, Vardon takes the club-head back straight behind the ball. There is no vestige of a turn of the wrist, and therefore none of the club. The hands go back first, drawing the club-head behind them. Of pressure, certainly a little seems to come from the left wrist; it pushes gently at the right, and so appears to have the effect of making the two hands leave the club-head farther and farther behind every inch that it travels. It is a burst of light in the hitherto dark and complex skein of golf theories. For an appreciable period and distance

definiteness of this action must have come as a surprise even to Vardon himself. Whether it would be advisable for anybody else to do quite as pronouncedly as he does is doubtful. Mr. R. H. Wethered expresses the opinion that the club-shaft and arms should move back together in a straight line for the first foot of the back swing. Very likely this is as much as the ordinary mortal could manage, and very likely it is enough. How hectic it still seems, though, to think that the immediate half-turn of the left wrist is all wrong!

### The Head-Still Apostle.

For the average golfer to try and leave the club-head behind, with the hands leading, at the start of the swing, as Vardon does, might very easily lead to the instant throwing of most of the weight on to the right leg. And everybody knows that that is bad, because it is swaying in its most primitive and aggravated form. Vardon overcomes it by the facility with which he pivots at the hips. He is the Apostle Extraordinary of the dictum that in playing every kind of golf shot you must keep your head still, and I am convinced that he has implanted this principle so firmly in his mind that he can move his arms

as far to the right as they will reach without moving his head. And if he swayed, his head would have to move. He avoids any such contretemps, because, having drilled himself so thoroughly to keep it still, something else has to give, and so he 'pivots' at the hips in a greater degree, perhaps, than any other player.

### Proofs.

It has been urged by famous golfers that keeping the head absolutely still during the swing is a physical impossibility. I can only say that I have seen Vardon play plenty of shots with a cord affixed to his cap and the ground in such a way that his cap would inevitably be tugged off by head-movement. It has not been disturbed in the least. Similarly, I have watched him execute shots of every kind with a high pole placed two or three yards behind him, which enabled the onlooker to detect in an instant any change of position by observing just how his head preserved it-

self in relation to the pole during the up and down swings. In four cases out of five the head has remained unquestionably still; at the most, it has not moved more than an inch. That is surely good evidence. When he has hit the ball his head goes forward a little—but not until then. This is the truth.



A CLUB CAPTAIN WHO CAN BEAT COLONEL BOGEY: MR. HAROLD PARSONS.

Flackwell Heath claims to be the driest winter course within fifty miles of London. It is at Loudwater, near High Wycombe, four hundred feet up on the Chilterns. Mr. Harold Parsons is the Captain of the Club, and holds the competition record of the course. With a handicap of 3 he did a 71 gross in the December Medal Competition—a fine performance, which equals the amateur record of the course. Bogey is 76.

the club-face does not alter its angle to the ball in the slightest degree. Then it is that the turn of the left wrist comes into effect.

### Beginning at the Left Shoulder.

The truth seems to be that Vardon actually starts the swing not with the wrists or hands at all, but with the left shoulder. The first movement of any kind you observe is a very slight movement of the shoulder; it directs the left wrist to begin moving away from the ball; the left wrist directs the right; and so, instead of any rotary action, there is at the start simply a taking back of the club-head in a horizontal plane. I think that the



AFTER THEIR FOURSOME AT FLIMPTON, BURY ST. EDMUNDS: VARDON AND RAY (STANDING), AND MR. J. H. S. CANNON AND MR. C. H. PROWSE (L. TO R.).

Our photograph was taken at Flimpton, Bury St. Edmunds, where Ray played Vardon, winning by 3 and 2. After lunch a foursome took place in which Vardon and Ray played Mr. J. H. S. Cannon (Newmarket Golf Club) and Mr. C. H. Prowse (Captain of the Cambridge University team), Vardon and Ray winning by 4 and 3.—[Photograph by Cousins.]



## A Family Study by an Artist.



### ON VIEW AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES:

The portraits by Mr. Edmund Dulac now on view at the Grafton Galleries are among the chief attractions of the twenty-eighth London Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Our page shows a reproduction of the Dulac painting of Miss Vivian St. George, lent by Mrs. St. George. It is a delightful



### MISS VIVIAN ST. GEORGE. BY EDMUND DULAC.

portrait of a little girl, and a study of Mr. and Mrs. Brer Rabbit and family. We also illustrate Dulac's water-colour of the young cuckoo—the bird with no family instincts, which is also on view at the Grafton.

*From the paintings by Edmund Dulac, by courtesy of the Grafton Galleries. Copyrights strictly reserved by the Artist.*



## A Family Study by the Camera.



WITH PETER AND ANASTASIA : COUNTESS SIEGFRIED RABEN.

Countess Siegfried Raben, who before her marriage was Countess Pauline Pappenheim, is the daughter of Count and Countess Maximilian Pappenheim. Her mother is American by birth, as she is the daughter

of Mr. Charles Wheeler, of Philadelphia. Countess Pauline, who is very popular in London Society, has two children, Peter and Anastasia. The Pappenheims are a very old family who trace their descent back to 1221.

*Portrait Study by Marcus Adams; The Children's Studio 43, Dover Street.*

# GRACE ON THE COURTS: SOME



Mrs. Craddock



Miss Ramsey



Miss Woolrych



Miss E. L. Harvey



Miss Mann



Miss Bersey

## AT HURLINGHAM, HENDON, AND

The modern woman's game calls for agility on the lawn-tennis court, and often achieves grace, as the natural result of perfect balance and skill. Our pages show some of the young players who have been competing at the London Country Club Tournament at Hendon, the North London Tournament at Highbury, and the Hurlingham Tournament. Miss L. Sloane Stanley and her sister made an impression at the London Country



# OF OUR YOUNGER PLAYERS.



Miss Shiela Barton.



Miss Hextall.



Miss L. Sloane Stanley.



Miss E. Besso.



Miss Kemmis Betty.



Miss Colyer.

## HURLINGHAM: LAWN-TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS.

Miss Colyer partnered Mrs. Craddock in the Ladies' Open Doubles in the North London Tournament at Highbury, and beat Mrs. O'Neill and Miss Harvey in the finals. The surprise of the early stages of the Hurlingham Tournament was provided by Miss Woolrych, a young player, who defeated Mrs. O'Neill.—[Photographs by Tom Aitken, S. and G., Farrington Photo Co., L.N.A., C.N. and Alfieri.]





### Albert Trott's Locker.

Like so many other good cricketers, Mr. Oscar Asche turns in the long run to golf. Latterly he has been doing a sort of rest-cure at St. George's Hill, sleeping in the very comfortable, high-up club-house among the pine-trees and getting in a morning round before going up to town. The surroundings are perfect for a man who wants pure air and quietude; but what a pity that the fire two years ago destroyed the thatched roof which gave such an artistic finish to the noble club-house! When rebuilding, the club authorities would not again risk a thatched roof. The present one, fitted on to the old walls and chimneys, is flat and ugly. I heard one wicked-minded member say that at a distance the new club-house looks like a gramophone factory. However, it is superbly comfortable inside.

But, as I was about to say, Oscar Asche, though golf is now his principal game, does not forget cricket. He has a great store of stories. The other night, after motoring down to St. George's Hill from His Majesty's Theatre, he told one or two about poor Albert Trott. There was the one about his locker at Lord's.

Trott was allowed a locker, and wanted his name painted on it in the dignified Lords manner. There were wags about. The name appeared "Mr. Albert Trott, Esq." Albert didn't seem to mind that, but a further humourist got to work and the lettering ran: "The Rt. Hon. Mr. Albert Trott, Esq." Then Albert did complain to Mr. Lacey.



THE TALLEST BRITISH AMBASSADOR AND THE BELGIAN COLONIAL MINISTER AT THE CONGO COLONIAL MUSEUM: THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE GRAHAME, P.C., G.C.V.O., AND M. FRANCK.

This photograph was taken at the Museum of the Belgian Congo, at Tervueren, on the occasion of the Royal visit there. The Rt. Hon. Sir George Dixon Grahame, P.C., G.C.V.O., is the tallest British Ambassador of the day. He is the son of the late Mr. Richard Grahame, and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1896, and has been Ambassador in Brussels since 1920. The King bestowed a G.C.V.O. on him last week.

Photograph by B.I.

### Mr. Cochran's Movable Theatre.

I don't know that he will do so, but certainly Mr. Cochran might call his new portable theatre "Chateau Thierry," and perhaps evoke recollections of the Great War, especially if he starts off, as he probably will, with so warlike a piece as "Henry V." For Thierry is the name of the French engineer who became enthusiastic about Cochran's project for a travelling theatre, and evolved plans for a movable house at which plays can be presented in as finished a style as at a West End theatre, with seats for from 2000 to 8000 spectators.

Don't think it will be a sort of glorified "Pepper's Ghost," with naphtha lamps and a drum and a "barker" outside urging people to "walk up." The whole atmosphere will be as smoothly dignified as that of any fashionable London theatre.

It is an idea that has simmered in Mr. Cochran's mind for a number of years. It gathered strength when he found it difficult to find a theatre for "The Better 'Ole." Since then Cochran has even had a member of the Ginnett family—who, of course, "knows the road"—reporting to him upon available open spaces in the big towns of the provinces. It will be a most interesting experiment.

### Beckett.

Boxing gets so much space in the papers nowadays. No wonder that even the children know the names of the leading pugilists. The other day a school party was taken to see Canterbury Cathedral. One little girl when she returned home was asked by her mother what she had seen.

"Oh, mother," she replied, "it was all lovely!"

She was asked what interested her most of all.

"Oh, mother," she said, "they showed us the exact spot where Joe Beckett was murdered."

### "Backing the Bill."

I knew an irascible member of a club in Pall Mall who always complained that the soda-water for his whisky was brought him warm. Time and time again he made waiters bring him fresh soda-water. One day there was a waiter who was going to leave. He had always felt himself victimised by the complaining member. He got a special bottle of soda-water, and so effectually tucked it away in the ice that the contents froze into a solid lump. On his very last day at the club he solemnly brought out this bottle. This time he did not fear the storm that arose.

"Backing a bill" with complaints about the food and the drink is still a valuable custom. Sometimes it is accompanied with ceremony.

In one club in Piccadilly a member the other day said the fish brought him was not fresh. The waiter told the steward; the steward told the secretary; the secretary, highly indignant, fetched a member of the committee; the member of the committee had solemnly to go behind a screen and decide whether the fish was or was not fit to eat. The upshot is that the aggrieved member now dines at the Café Royal.

Evidently our whiskered friend the Circumlocution Department still has its branches in clubs as well as in Government offices—Fish, stale; one. Passed to you for obs.!

## The Clubman.

By Beveren.

### The Thought.

Sometimes in London you can hear remarks which show that poetic feeling exists in unlikely places. The other morning—a gladsome spring morning—a tramway car was crossing Blackfriars Bridge. The river sparkled under the sun. A black, shapely craft lay moored



THE SUBJECT OF THE ACADEMY PICTURE OF THE YEAR PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS: LADY ROCKSAVAGE.

The two portraits of Lady Rocksavage—one by Charles Sims, R.A., and the other by Sargent—are the chief sensation of this year's Academy, and the former, which shows her with her elder son, has been hailed as "the picture of the year." Lady Rocksavage is the wife of the Earl of Rocksavage, elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, and the daughter of the late Sir Edward Albert Sassoon. Her brother, Sir Philip Sassoon, is the present and third Baronet. Lady Rocksavage, who was married in 1913, has two small sons and a daughter. Both she and her husband are outdoor enthusiasts, and specially devoted to lawn-tennis.

Photograph by L.N.A.

in the midst of that sparkle and light. The last gulls of winter circled it, close-packed. Most people in the car gazed at the scene. It was a labourer whose clothes shook out dust who exclaimed "A string of pearls round a dusky queen's throat."

### First, Second, and Third.

When yacht-racing starts again, there will be one innovation which will make it much more interesting to the average sea-side visitor who strolls round a harbour after the yachts have come in. He will be able to tell what a yacht has done.

At present every boat that has won a prize hoists her racing flag, and it is very difficult to tell from its position whether it is the first prize she has won or the third or fourth. Under the new plan, a racing flag will denote the first prize only, a blue pennant will signify a second, and a red one a third. The suggestion was put forward to the Yacht-Racing Association by his Majesty, through the Vice-President of the Yacht-Racing Association, Major Hunloke, the man who races the *Britannia*, and is such a well-known figure in yacht-racing circles.



# Sargent's Portrait of Lord Curzon's Married Daughter.



ON VIEW AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES: "LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY"—BY JOHN SARGENT, R.A.

This beautiful drawing by John Sargent was made in 1921, and is on view at the Grafton Galleries in the exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Lady Cynthia,

who is the wife of Mr. Oswald Mosley, M.P., elder son of Sir Oswald Mosley, fifth Bt., is the second daughter of Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. She was married in 1920, and has a baby girl.

*From the drawing by John Sargent, R.A., by courtesy of the Grafton Galleries. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.*



## A BEAUTIFUL PEERESS — FULL FACE AND PROFILE — AND



THE WIFE OF LORD ISLINGTON: "LADY ISLINGTON"—  
BY JOHN SARGENT, R.A.

THE ONLY CHILD OF  
"THE HON. JOAN"

This beautiful trio of Sargent drawings are among the pictures exhibited at the twenty-eighth London Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, at the Grafton Galleries. Lady Islington is the wife of the first Baron, and the daughter of the late Mr. Robert Henry Duncan Dundas. She was married in 1896, and has one child, the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, who was born in 1897. The portraits we illustrate



# HER DAUGHTER: SARGENT DRAWINGS AT THE GRAFTON.



AND LADY ISLINGTON:  
DICKSON-POYNDER."

EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL SHOW AT THE GRAFTON:  
"LADY ISLINGTON"—BY JOHN SARGENT.

were done some years ago, that of Miss Dickson-Poynder being dated 1910. The inscriptions which two of the portraits bear are interesting, as that of Lady Islington in profile is inscribed: "To Joan from her friend John S. Sargent"; and that of Miss Dickson-Poynder bearing the words: "To Lady Islington, June 1910."—[From the drawings by John Sargent, R.A., by courtesy of the Grafton Galleries. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.]





## The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

**Immortality.** I came across a paragraph in an evening paper the other day which had been clipped from the literary columns of a provincial journal. The writer of the paragraph was concerned to discover—presumably for his own satisfaction—which of the multitude of modern writers would survive their own lifetime.

He selected three names—names, of course, much to the fore at the moment in the public Press. All other writers were doomed, in his opinion, to speedy obscurity. Indeed, so overwhelming was his decision that any author who read the paragraph—save only the selected Three—must have seemed to himself to be already groping his way in limbo. In other words, buried alive! A terrible fate to be dealt out, on a casual Saturday afternoon, by a literary gossip!

This granting or withholding of Immortality is a favourite theme with critics, especially literary critics. There is not much point in it—though there may be sufficient point to give pain to the hyper-sensitive. It takes a long time to become, like Mrs. Asquith, "Press-proof."

I am not at all certain that an action for libel would not lie against a critic who said definitely, "This book or this play will not live." Unless an author labels his work "Ephemeral Only," one must presume that he expects it to live, that he has written it to live, that he has breathed his own life into it, that he looks to it to keep his memory green and his children pink long after he himself has gone out of print.

(I would bring the matter to the attention of the Authors' Society if so many of the members had not fled to France in despair.)

**Why Do Books Live?** Of the three authors selected by our paragraphist, I doubt whether more than one of them will attain immortality. They were chosen, as I say, because their names were to the fore, and few people are strong enough to resist the hypnotic effects of bold advertisement. It seemed sacrilegious to many minds, for example, that so well known a gentleman as Mr. Charles Peace should be hanged. "Not the real Peace? Not *Charlie*? Well, fancy that!"

Similarly, when superficial critics write about the immortality of authors, they are chiefly impressed by the present sales of the authors they select for survival. But a book does not live because it had a great and immediate sale. Many books achieve huge sales that are born dead. The great public have seldom anything in common with the discriminating public. The great public may occasionally seize on a really live book, and buy it by the thousand; but the discriminating public will also buy and read that book.

A novel lives when its characters live. When the characters do not live the novel is

born dead; the discriminating reader has no use for it. The authors of a bygone age who live to-day are not kept alive by the great indiscriminating public; they are kept alive by the comparatively few.

The book of the moment, the book which deals quickly and cleverly with a topic of the moment, can have no possible interest for posterity unless—unless it is also a work of Art, which is unusual. It will sell in its



A SALON PORTRAIT OF A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN PARISIAN LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CIRCLES: "M. ANTONIN RESCHAL," BY LÉO FONTAN.

Léo Fontan's work is well known to "Sketch" readers, so they will be especially interested to see the above reproduction of M. Fontan's excellent portrait of M. Antonin Reschal which is now on exhibition at the Salon. M. Antonin Reschal, the well-known art publisher, is a novelist of considerable note, and a popular figure in Parisian literary and artistic circles.

From the portrait by Léo Fontan. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

day, but it "dates" with terrible swiftness. The story which deals truly and inspiringly with the everlasting humanities will live as long as humanity lives. The immortal Bible

drab and drear are those little comedies and tragedies! The reporters do their best, but they must stick to the facts. They dare not invent. They have not the space for sketching character, and their Editors do not encourage them to give the sequels. That is why we get no inspiration from the reports of cases in the police-courts.

Mr. Pett Ridge is a writer whose books I always read with interest. He has devised a somewhat peculiar style of his own, which chiefly consists—the peculiarity, I mean—in the omission of personal pronouns and distinguishing adjectives. "In an age," he seems to say, "which writes telegrams instead of letters, why should we preserve unnecessary words?" For myself, I like them preserved, but it is all a question of ear.

Richard is another of those youths, in whom Mr. Pett Ridge takes an affectionately avuncular interest, who start life with everything against them and "make good" by virtue of perseverance and self-confidence. Richard's father was a cheap hat. Richard early found himself responsible for a mother, in a delicate state of health, and, presently, two sisters. So he braced himself for the uphill fight.

**The Silkworms.** The story is just that—how Richard climbed from the lowest rung of the ladder until he became the head of a vast drapery establishment in Oxford Street. I hope I don't make it sound dull. It is not in the least dull. The whole thing is done in hundreds and thousands of miles of filaments which Mr. Pett Ridge, working like a silkworm, puts out day after day until the whole cocoon is complete. His work is very similar, with a difference, to that of Mr. Arnold Bennett. But Mr. Bennett likes to be extreme. He likes to startle you. He likes to be gay, fantastic, wild, anything that comes into his head at the moment.

Mr. Pett Ridge is a far more sober silkworm. He does not budge from his twig. He plays no tricks with his cocoon. There is no waste—and no change in the colour.

I don't want to labour the metaphor. Both authors have their many admirers. Mr. Pett Ridge should be—and probably is—an idol among the youths of London Town whose future lies before them and nothing at all behind them. Richard is not a wholly admirable character—who is?—but he gets to the top and suffers very little in the process. I hated him for his treatment of Miss Allan, and he might have been more tolerant of his frayed father; but the fellow is true enough.

**"Double Crossed."** There is nothing of the silkworm, I promise you, in the methods of Mr. Douglas Newton.

"A little, knuckly man bounded into Clement Seadon's cabin with an indiarubber violence. He snapped the door closed, and faced the startled young man."

That is the opening passage of Mr. Newton's latest novel, and he keeps it up for 293 pages. I can't remember when I ever followed anything quite so rapid. I would not advise you

[Continued overleaf.]



WON BY THE CATCHING OF THE TWO-AND-A-HALF HUNDREDWEIGHT EEL: THE "MAMMOTH ANGLING COMPETITION" AT CAMBRIDGE.


Our snapshot gives a good idea of the latest rag which took place at Cambridge on the Backs. The occasion was the meeting of the Cambridge University Piscatorial Club, which was celebrated by a mammoth angling competition, in which undergraduates harpooned, netted, or caught by "any illegitimate means" the fish in the Cam. The bag was duly weighed at the end, and the winner was pronounced to be the proud catcher of a 2½-cwt. eel!

stories were not preserved for their wit, or their smartness, or their topicality.

**"Richard Triumphant."** It is not enough, I fear, for the characters in a novel to be true to life. The reader wants something more than that. He can get real life in the police-court news. But how




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Your wife and children will benefit!!  
You will never live to regret it.

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**The Chimes.** 1/2

— The Daily Fail —  
THE ONLY PAPER THAT PROTECTS  
GRANDPA,  
THE GARDENER  
AND PUSSY!  
**Do it now!**



**THE BABIES BEAUTY**

DIDUM'S SCRATCH?  
OO'S KNEE THEN?  
FILL UP-UMS.  
FORM-LIKE  
A GOOD LITTLE KIDDIE.



There's a nice box of *booful* Sweeties for each nasty scratch!

**2<sup>d</sup> every Wed. 2<sup>d</sup>**

**THE SUNDAY WIRE**



**THE ONLY SUNDAY PAPER**

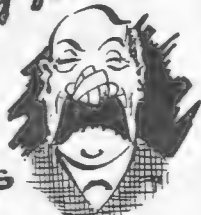
THAT **PAYS** YOU TO **AVOID** ACCIDENTS!



FILL IN THAT COUPON **NOW!**  
We insist!!!

D'Egville

*Look! It's true!*



This was worth £750 to MR. HERBERT SMITH, of WANDSWORTH. Can't you do better than that? Stick to it!!!  
**THE MIDDAY HERALD.**

**HAVE YOU FALLEN DOWN STAIRS AND**



(1) BROKEN A VERTEBRA?  
(2) STRAINED A FEMUR?  
(3) RICKED A TONSIL?

Get a friend to push you down to-day! There's £2 a week for you and £1 a week for your friend and wife for LIFE!!!

**Daily Depress**

'An Accident a day, keeps starvation at bay'

**THE DAILY BRUISE**  
HAS STILL TO HEAR OF THE ACCIDENT IT WON'T PAY FOR.



This man was stung by a walrus in BOND STREET!

**Fill in the Form to day!**

Name.....  
Address.....

## WILL IT COME TO THIS? A NEWSPAPER INSURANCE PROPHECY.

The daily newspaper insurance competition is still going strong, and some of our contemporaries are almost giving themselves away with an insurance policy! Still the boom continues, and every day

the offers of benefits grow better and better in every way. Our artist was considering the question recently, and had the above prophetic vision on the subject!

[To-morrow.]

to read the book in a railway train—unless there is a corridor. You would go mad if shut up in a compartment. You want air and space for this work—particularly space. You have to kick, and clutch, and, finally, stride about.



IN THE HURLINGHAM TOURNAMENT:  
LADY BEAVERBROOK.

Lady Beaverbrook is the wife of the first Baron, and the daughter of Brigadier-General Charles William Drury. Her husband, the newspaper magnate, did much for the Canadian forces during the war, and was also Minister of Information.

Photograph by Alfieri.

Don't read it, moreover, if you have a weapon handy. Even an umbrella would be a source of danger. There is more bloodshed in the book than in all the works of Mr. Pett Ridge put together. It makes you long for a revolver in one hand and a couple of daggers in the other. At any rate, that was the effect on my enfeebled mind. If I had done anything desperate after reading "Double Crossed," I should have explained the whole thing to the magistrate, persuaded him to read the story himself, and got off with two weeks' detention in a home.

By Way  
of Sample.

"He charged like a bull. His revolver spat once, twice, but already Clement had jumped to cover behind a tree. The revolver spoke again, and then the murderer snarled in rage, dropped it, and came on with his empty hands. Clement fired at his legs twice, apparently missed, and then flung his own empty pistol at the oncoming brute. It struck him in the chest, and he brushed it aside as though it had been a gnat. Then he closed with Clement.

"They went down, Clement battering with his one useful fist at the gross face. Neuburg ignored all blows, and ground him back and into the earth, held him there, and felt blindly with his right hand for a piece of rock. He found it and struck. Clement just had time to wriggle his head, and only his hat was crushed in. The great arm went up again with the huge, jagged splinter of stone. It poised, waiting its certain chance. Clement tried to struggle, but with knee and arm the giant man held him rigid. The arm with the rock heaved to strike.

Water! Air! Space! You see now what I mean about not reading this in a railway carriage full of outstretched, tired legs. Somebody would certainly get it on the shin, and there would be unpleasantness for the rest of the journey. But take it into a desert and have a good, primitive time.

"Man and  
Maid."

I wish these dear ladies would put the war out of their charming heads for a few years. We know how tremendous it was, how heroic it was, how tragic it was;

we also know that it will never, never, never be forgotten. But there is a sort of tacit conspiracy among the males of these islands to leave the sore place alone and give it a chance to get well. If our talented women would join in that conspiracy, the business of convalescence would, I am sure, be hastened.

Apart from the war atmosphere, I must congratulate Miss Elinor Glyn on her new novel, "Man and Maid." She has accomplished a really difficult task, for she has written an English book in the French style. So perfectly has she caught this style that the whole thing might be a translation from the French.

The story is thrown into the form of a journal, and opens in February 1918. A horrible year! True, it gave us the Armistice, but the rest of it was so beastly that the mere sight of the figures in that particular conjunction makes one feel slightly ill. All the 1914-1918 nerves should be covered over and left to lie in the dark awhile.

The writer of this journal is an English officer who has been badly hacked about in the war. Luckily for him, he is immensely rich. He has a flat in Paris, exquisitely furnished in the William and Mary period, and there, despite Bertha and air raids, he decides to await his new eye and his new leg.

To wile away the time he will write a book—well, dictate a book. Ah! This



THE NOVELIST WHO LIVED AMONG  
SAVAGES: MISS BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

Miss Beatrice Grimshaw is the well-known novelist who has just returned to this country after a residence of fifteen years in New Guinea, and has wonderful tales to relate. Her latest book, "Conn of the Coral Seas," has just been published.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

means a shorthand-typist. She is plain in appearance and cold in manner. On page 44 she is "quite uninteresting." But wait till you arrive at page 255.

"Her restiveness is absolutely alluring, and excites all my hunting instinct. She looks quite lovely, and the subtle magnetism which drew me the first days, even when she appeared poor and shabby, and red of hand, is stronger than ever. I felt that I wanted to crush her in my arms and devour her—the blood thumped in my temples—I had to use every atom of my will with myself, and lay back in my chair and closed my eye."

That is what comes of gentlemen without previous experience deciding, offhand, to write a book, and sending, offhand, for a shorthand-typist.

"Miss Jameson," says the "The Clash." publisher, "has thrown her great powers of enthusiasm into this book, which quality makes it a series of spasmodic and vivid descriptions, of lightning flashes, of molten ideas, crammed relentlessly within its pages, rather than the typical modern easy-flowing novel. Most appropriately the author calls her book 'The Clash,' which should prepare the reader for an intriguing book, retaining all the author's qualities, yet introducing a novel way of story-writing—namely, a series of episodes which are in themselves as perfect as cameos, and which

the flimsiest thread is sufficient to connect with the main structure."

I don't see how I can beat that. I agree about the "molten ideas crammed relentlessly" into the pages. That is just the impression one gets. It is as though the author had been put into a lonely house and starved for pens, ink, and paper. Then, suddenly, writing materials were supplied, and the over-charged mind fastened on them with fearful avidity. We curse God—that is to say, the characters in the book do these things—and defend Casement in a breath.

"I see that you've hanged Casement. God bless my soul, this is a wretched little planet. Cannot a man back his fancy in kings without being hanged in a mediæval fantasy?"

This is written by an English officer in France to a friend in England. He must have been his own Censor.

"Backing his fancy in kings" is a pretty way of describing the war-dance of the late Sir Roger!

It would be absurd to deny the intellectual power of the book, and nobody would wish to do anything of the sort. I have already agreed with the publisher's description. But I, personally, am not "intrigued" by a riot of ultra-bitter ideas jammed together in the shape of a story. I always hated the idea of taking a powder in jam. For the rest of your life, the taste of the jam reminds you of the powder, and you therefore eschew the jam.

No doubt but we are a parlous lot, but let us have our medicine undisguised. As for hot and strong language, even when used by a feminine writer, we are no longer astonished by it. Indeed, I suspect that we have lost all capacity for being shocked, startled, or astonished.

But we have not lost—and never shall lose—the capacity for being charmed. Old-fashioned? Suburban? Behind the times? Quite. So are the sun, the moon, the stars, and the restless oceans.

Richard Triumphant. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

Double Crossed. By W. Douglas Newton. (Appleton; 7s. 6d. net.)

Man and Maid. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Clash. By Storm Jameson. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)



A BELIEVER IN SMART CLOTHES FOR  
CLEVER WOMEN: MRS. MARY ROBERTS  
RINEHART, PART-AUTHOR OF "THE BAT."

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart is the well-known American playwright and novelist who wrote "The Bat" with Mr. Avory Hopwood. She disproves the old theory that the clever woman must necessarily be dowdy.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.



# The Studdy of the Studdy Dogs.



THE ARTIST WHO HAS MADE THE WORLD LAUGH: MR. G. E. STUDDY, A PORTFOLIO OF WHOSE DOG STUDIES "THE SKETCH" PUBLISHES ON MAY 18.

Mr. G. E. Studdy is the artist whose genius has helped "Sketch" readers through the gloom of English spring by giving them a dog study every Wednesday. Like M. Coué's disciples, every week, in every way, he gets better and better, and it will be good news for all "Sketch"

readers to know that we have now published "The Studdy Dogs Portfolio," containing fifteen plates in colour, for the small sum of 2s. It will be on sale to-morrow, Thursday, May 18, and is obtainable from all newsagents or booksellers.

SKETCHES BY G. E. STUDDY. PORTRAIT STUDY BY BERTRAM PARK

## A "MIXED BAG": ARGENTINE POLO, IRISH



AFTER THE SIEGE OF KILKENNY CASTLE: LORD AND LADY OSSORY AND COMMANDANT PROUT.



WITH SIR CHARLES RUSSELL: LADY CHICHESTER AFTER OBTAINING HER DECREE.



HOW THE ARGENTINES TAKE CARE OF THEIR PONIES: THE BLANKET WHICH COMES UP TO THE EARS.



THE ARGENTINE POLO TEAM: MESSRS. L. NELSON, AND

Regular troops laid siege to the Irregulars who had captured Kilkenny Castle, and after eleven hours' fighting forced them to surrender. Lord Ossory is the elder son of the Marquess of Ormonde, who owns the Castle. He married the Hon. Sybil Fellowes, daughter of the second Baron de Ramsay. Captain the Hon. Henry FitzAlan Howard is the only son of Viscount FitzAlan of Derwent, Viceroy of Ireland. Miss Joyce Langdale is the eldest daughter of Colonel Philip Langdale, of Houghton Hall, Yorkshire. The bridesmaids were Miss Alatheia and Miss Ursula Langdale, Lady Rachel.



# UNREST, AND AN IMPORTANT WEDDING.



CAPTAIN THE HON. H. FITZALAN-HOWARD  
AND HIS BRIDE, MISS JOYCE LANGDALE.



BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES AT THE FITZALAN-HOWARD—LANGDALE WEDDING:  
A GROUP OUTSIDE THE BROMPTON ORATORY.



H. PEÑA, D. B. MILES, J. B. MILES,  
T. NELSON.



WATCHING THE POLO AT SUNBURY PARK: LADY KIMBERLEY—WITH HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,  
LADY WODEHOUSE—AND THE DUCHESS OF PENARANDA (L. TO R.).

Howard, Lady Joan Fitzwilliam, the Hon. Charlotte Stourton, Miss Freya Sykes and Miss Joan Derriman; and the pages the Hon. Miles and the Hon. Michael FitzAlan-Howard, sons of Baroness Beaumont.—Lady Chichester obtained a decree of restitution against her husband, Sir Edward Chichester. Messrs. Charles Russell and Co. were her solicitors.—The Countess of Kimberley is the wife of the second Earl. Her only surviving son, Lord Wodehouse, the well-known polo-player, recently married Mrs. Montagu, who was formerly Miss Margaret Irby. He is her third husband.





# Tales with a sting.

## TWO LETTERS.

By WILLIAM CAINE.

From Miss Mabel Wynne, the Ulsmere Hotel, Cumberland, to Mrs. Wynne, 74, Park Street, Dulwich.

July 28.

**D**EAREST MUMMIE,—Lucy and I'll be home on the 30th for dinner. Please let it be beefsteak pudding and apple fritters.

This place has been corking. The people are mostly jolly, simple souls from Manchester and Liverpool, the friendliest lot imaginable. But since last I wrote we have had two of the most peerless duds that ever were seen. They're gone now, praise heaven! I should very much like to abuse them to you for a little, if I may.

They were middle-aged spinsters, Crediton by name, from Torquay. They seem to have some coin, for they had a private sitting-room and some very good jewellery, and their clothes evidently cost like sin. But they were moral frumps of the worst; and oh, my precious mother, what a pair of exclusive icicles!

They blew in five days ago on a north-east wind, accompanied by heavy rain. We of the young brigade were in the lounge, passing the time with song and dance and frivolous chatter. Suddenly the 'bus drove up, the door opened, and they were upon us. With their eyes nailed to the carpet (to spare them, I suppose, the possibility of lighting upon the common persons who were grouped round the piano) they passed us within a couple of yards, signed their aristocratic names, and immediately went aloft with the house-keeper.

When they had gone out of sight we all looked at one another in awed silence. Nellie Gibbs, who had been trying over an accompaniment, had stopped playing. She told me afterwards that she did it instinctively, just as she might have stopped playing lawn-tennis where a funeral happened to go by. Mr. Arkwright, the hotel clown (a fearful ass), had turned up his collar and was blowing vigorously on his hands. His little sister Muriel stood with her mouth open, gazing up the staircase. Lucy and the others looked equally imbecile—as, I daresay, did I. All this sounds rather ill-bred, but we aren't seriously to be blamed. It was as if someone had done a magic on us. The genial current of our souls had been simply frozen by an apparition. Of course, in a moment we had recovered and were all making a cheerful noise again, but it was no longer quite spontaneous and hearty. We felt now that we were a little rowdy and low-class. Soon afterwards our group broke up, some of us to play billiards, others to read or to write letters. Singing choruses and kicking up our heels had somehow ceased to appeal to us.

Such was the effect of the Misses Crediton's arrival. The pleasing impression they then created didn't wear off. Familiarity with their appalling presence bred no contempt. They kept it up magnificently—I must say that for them. In all the five days of their sojourn among us they never failed to impress us with our impossibility—that is to say, whenever they were so unfortunate as to encounter us on the staircase or about the roads. We never got a chance to be familiar—by which I mean to offer them a bow or a smile or a good-morning. Wrapped impenetrably in the consciousness of their own extreme value, they moved among us exactly as they moved among the hotel furniture.

They always came in late to their meals,

passed to their table with lowered eyes, and kept their gaze glued to their plates right up to the end, when they rose together and together glided out of the room, always successfully avoiding the contamination of a friendly glance. They sat quite close to Lucy's and my table. Before their arrival our end of the dining-room had been very jolly—indeed, noisy. We all shouted from table to table, in a most uncouth way, I suppose; but we thought no harm until the Misses Crediton joined us. Then there was no more of that. Henceforward we were all as quiet as mice and beautifully mannered. It sounds very weak of us to you, I expect, but you have never sat within the chilly sphere of the Misses Crediton's disapproval. Wait until you do, mother mine, and you'll find yourself talking in a whisper. As for laughing, you'll see nothing to laugh at. Nowhere.

After dinner, when our Grim Sisters sought the seclusion of their sitting-room and so withdrew themselves definitely for the night from all painful contact with the herd, things were rather better. Spirits revived with the knowledge that our incubuses were safely upstairs, and we were able once again to be happy after our own disgusting fashions. At this time, indeed, we frolicked to some purpose, and the noise we made must have caused many a shudder to course along the unbending spines of the Misses Crediton. But we didn't care a hang what they thought of us, so long as we didn't see them thinking it. It was the dreadful possibility of their appearing suddenly among us that, during the day, kept the lounge piano dumb, hushed the song and laughter, and held still the feet that itched to dance. After dinner, however, we could forget them. And we jolly well did. Not 'arf.

They were methodical but not active walkers. Morning, afternoon, and evening they did their little tramp upon one or other of the roads, for there are only the two. One goes north from the hotel, the other south; and it's possible by each to make a round of a mile or two over the fells upon a practicable path. And so, whenever one went out to stretch one's legs, one was always faced with the possibility of meeting the Misses Crediton, unless one knew which road they had taken. In that case one took the other. A terrible business, meeting the Misses Crediton on the fells! In this open country one can see for miles, and the agony was always protracted. For the last acute minute or two before the meeting absolutely happened one could hardly bear it. Then, at last, they arrived and you arrived and passed, their eyes steadily on the ground, yours anywhere but on them, and it was over. You breathed a sigh of relief and hurried on, angry and cursing, and with your walk spoilt. It seems to me incredible that two women should behave so to quite harmless creatures who habitually breakfast, lunch, take tea, and dine within a few feet of their elbows. But so it is—or rather, was, for they're gone now, and the hotel is its vulgar self again. I understand that they have found lodgings, *private* lodgings, *absolutely* private lodgings—at Butterwater, ten miles away, where they will, let us hope, be happy, poor blighters, now that they have nobody of whose advances they need be afraid.

The post is going, so no more, save love and kisses, from—Your very loving child,

MABEL.

From Miss Georgina Crediton, Wistaria Cottage, Langford, Butterwater, Cumberland, to Mr. Henry Crediton, Japes's Club, Pall Mall, London.

MY DEAR HENRY,—Dorothea and I came on here this morning from Ulsmere Hotel, as we found the place quite intolerable. I've no doubt you were very right in urging us to go to an hotel for our little holiday in the North. You've always been a dear brother to us, thoughtful for our happiness in life, and helpful in your suggestions for our welfare; and so I suppose it was natural for you to think that, now that poor dear father is gone and we are able to go about in the world a little, we would do well to mix with the life that has rather passed us by during the last twenty years. But the truth is, dear Henry, that we are not suited for living in public. I daren't blame father for having insisted so much upon having us always with him. His was a trying complaint, and he had a horror of professional nurses, and it was really little that we could do, by devoting ourselves to his care, to repay him for all the affection he lavished upon us in our girlhood. I suppose some people would say that he was selfish and we were foolish, but these things can only be judged rightly by the people who are directly concerned. In any case it is too late to repine. Dorothea and I have spent the last twenty years in a seclusion which must seem incredible to many people who have the modern ideas regarding the duties of children to their parents, and now we find that it is torture to us to live otherwise than very privately. We have grown shy of our fellow men and women, and I am afraid it is no use to hope that we shall ever acquire much confidence.

And so, Henry, I have to confess that after a trial—and what a trial it was, if I may make such a play on the word!—of your hotel plan, we have turned coward and run away to these very comfortable rooms, where we are the only lodgers. I feel that we ought to blush for our pusillanimity—but we are too happy at finding ourselves once more alone to waste any time in shame.

Perhaps we shall make another effort one of these days. We realise that it would be good for us to see people, join in their talk and mingle with their amusements. No doubt we need, as you said, "to be taken out of ourselves, jostled about a little and made to rub shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men." We need to acquire new points of view and fresh interests. Well, we have done our best to follow out your advice, but for this time we can do no more. Possibly we were unfortunate in our choice of an hotel. I don't know. It is over twenty years since either of us was in an hotel, and we have rather forgotten what they are like. I only hope that the Ulsmere is not a fair sample.

For, Henry, you can form no idea of the coldness, almost I would say the hostility, with which we were treated at that place. Of course, we didn't expect our fellow-guests to receive us with a brass band and a triumphal arch (I can joke again, now that I am away from Ulsmere); but I hardly think it was too much to hope that we should meet with some sort of amiable recognition. A bow, while meeting on the stairs or out on the roads, a smile, when we took our seats at table, might surely not have

(Continued on page 210.)



## A Recent Débutante.



THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. W. A. HARPER: MISS ALLANAH HARPER.

Miss Allanah Harper, who made her début last year, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harper, and is a charming girl, very popular in Society. Our page shows a reproduction of a fine portrait of her

by Mr. John St. Helier Lander. It was painted this year, and is a good example of the artist's work. He is considered one of the best of the Society portrait-painters of to-day.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.



L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY SUZANNE MEUNIER.

(Original in the Possession of Reschal and Delebarre, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)



## Of "The Lady of the Rose"—and Rose-Garlanded.



SOPHIE LAVALLE, THE BALLET DANCER IN THE DALY'S SUCCESS: MISS IVY TRESMAND.

Miss Ivy Tresmand makes a very charming *prima ballerina* as Sophie Lavalle, the dancer in "The Lady of the Rose," the successful musical comedy at Daly's. The chorus is cleverly introduced into the piece as a definite part of the action of the

play, and not as the usual extraneous and decorative "trimmings." A ballet master and *prima ballerina* and company are held up on the way to Milan, and seek shelter for the night in the Castle Beltrama, where the scene of the drama is set.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.



# Royal Worcester & Bon Ton *Kidfitting Corsets* THE CORSETS OF *STYLE-SUPERIORITY*

## IMITATION IS NOT CREATION.

You can give two dressmakers the same materials, the same patterns, and the same instructions, yet, whereas one will give you exquisite style and perfect fit, the other will produce an impossible garment.

The fashion line is secret to nobody. Corset material anyone can buy. Yet, in all the world there is no corset designer who had ever succeeded in creating such lovely corsets as the Royal Worcester. So universally is this recognised, that some makers do not trouble to attempt to create designs of their own, but frankly copy the new Royal Worcester designs each season—as nearly as masterpieces can be copied. But imitation is not creation, and nobody wants copies when originals are available—often at lower prices than the imitations, for drapers and stores may add as much profit as they choose on corsets sold under their own name, but the profits on Royal Worcester Kidfitting Corsets are regulated by us within reasonable limits.

The BEST that any shop-assistant can say of the corsets she sells is that "they're just as good as the 'Royal Worcester.'" That's the strongest recommendation she can advance.

"Bon Ton" Kidfitting Corsets are the highest grade of the Royal Worcester make. If you have any difficulty in obtaining either brand, write us, and we will see you are promptly supplied.



**Model 834.**

A splendid corset for the medium figure, with low bust. In dainty pink silk stripe with all-round elastic top. Sizes 20 to 30. Price **22/6**



**Model 906.**

New model for full figure in pale pink broché; well boned, long skirt and six hose supporters. Sizes 22 to 36 ... Price **63/-**



## Three Bon-Ton Corsets—Superb New Shapes.

**Model 858.**

Average figure. In white or pink coutil with low bust, cut higher at back. Free hip bone, four hose supporters. Sizes 20 to 32 ... Price **21/-**

**Model 848.**

A low bust model for average figure. In white or pink coutil, with all-round elastic top. Well boned, with long skirt. Sizes 20 to 32 ... Price **21/-**

**Model 1031. Front-lace.**

For medium figure. In pink silk stripe fancy material; elastic insets at waist and back of skirt. Sizes 20 to 32 ... Price **29/11**

LADIES WHO WOULD BE CONVERSANT WITH THE LATEST MODELS AND PRESENT PRICE ADVANTAGES SHOULD SEND FOR NEW BOOKLET, "CORRECT CORSETRY, 1922," AND THE ADDRESS OF NEAREST AGENT

Worcester Warehouse Company, Ltd., 76-78, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.



# The Lights of Paris.



## Salon Clothes.

There was a time when the "Artistes Français" was the unique and all-important Salon—as big an event for Paris as the Royal Academy for London. Its *vernissage*—where aristocracy, finance, art, and stage met and gossiped—was the great event of the season. New gowns were worn for the occasion, and there—as on the race-courses—fashion was launched. The huge crowd which, at this year's Salon, whirled around the thousands of pictures had not the brilliant elegance of bygone days. Dark winter clothes—which the sulky spring had not allowed the wearers to discard—brightened up by cheerful red hats (the craze of the moment) were the dominating note.

## Progressive Art.

But perhaps the attention fashion loses, art gains. One turned away from the uninteresting garments to look at the pictures. And it was a pleasure to find the Salon younger and more alive than usual. While remaining academic, the "Artistes Français" have felt the need for modernism. All the schools are represented; and Cubism itself has there found its way. One may discuss the merits of present-day technique as against yesterday's, but yet it is a relief to find that a fresher light has been allowed to brighten this gloomy show. The presentation of pictures has even been arranged with more skill; and the eventual buyer is not obliged to have the high-hung picture taken down to have a look at it.

## Poor Intellectuals!

M. Henri, Martin has a whole room to himself for his three enormous decorative paintings. Despite their length, they are not meant—as one may believe—to line up the Avenue of the painter's name. No, they are destined for the Salle du Conseil d'Etat. They represent "La France Laborieuse." One shows enriched peasants, apparently free of cares and taxes, working merrily in bright, sunny fields. The second is devoted to the activities of Marseilles. The third is in sharp contrast with the joys of the first two. Only one figure is seen in the picture—a solitary, melancholy old professor in the midst of a large wood of pine-trees. And that picture is entitled—with some accuracy—"Le Travail Intellectuel."

## Spi's Portrait.

Of course, portraits are in great numbers. We have plenty of Marshals—no doubt in prevision of the Musée des Maréchaux which is opening in the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur. We have an energetic figure of President Millerand, and many other personalities eminently respectable—bishops, ministers, generals, diplomats, officials, all wearing their various insignia. We have no respite until we come to the *spirituelle*, elegant, and fine Parisienne.

Mlle. Spinelly, and the delightfully blonde Parisys, portrayed by Jean-Gabrielle Domergue.

## Sacha Guitry.

The new play of M. Sacha Guitry—"Une Petite Main Qui Se Place"—is, as usual, a feast of wit. Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry are delightful hosts who succeed in entertaining us most agreeably. He seems to do so without taking any pains. He writes as a bird sings. Sacha Guitry does not worry over-much about the subject of his plays. His anecdotes are a pretext for his droll inventions, his picturesque situations, and, above all, for his dialogues, so full of sparkling *fantaisie*. Sacha Guitry is a master of dialogue. There everything is to be found—wit, tenderness, melancholy, *bonne humeur*, poetry, movement, life. Every word is a *trouvaille*. Every repartee is a real hit.

And now let us try to tell the tale. Adrien Dornac (Sacha Guitry), a man of the Midi, lives

Mme. Dornac. The *petite main* can then marry her good master, whom she loves!

## Mixing Genres.

Somebody lately said that the French never mixed the *genres*, which is as bad as mixing the drinks; but, really, when we go to the theatre we do not now know whether we shall not see cinematographic films; and when we go to the cinema in Paris we usually get a bit of opera, and sometimes a bit of the theatre. Personally, I have nothing against the cinema, but if it is going to invade the theatre I warn actors and actresses to look out. Their occupation will soon be gone. In a little while the present tendency will grow until the living player is crowded out. Why, at the Casino de Paris, they have a scene played by gramophones! Cinema and phonograph—they will revolutionise the theatre.

## Shaw and Shakespeare.

Nevertheless, in spite of this tendency to supersede actors and actresses, new theatres are opening with such names as La Chimère and Le Tréteau Fortuné. As a matter of fact, the Tréteau Fortuné was a cinema which Mlle. Fernande Cabanel has transformed into an elegant and artistic little theatre. The first play given at this moment is "Mrs. Warren's Profession," by Bernard Shaw, which appeared about ten years ago at the Théâtre des Arts, though forbidden in England! There is a craze at the moment for Shaw and Shakespeare. They are sharing the honours of the present theatrical season in Paris. Bernard Shaw is to be billed at the Maison de l'Œuvre, where M. Lugné-Poë intends to give shortly "The Doctor's Dilemma," while

M. Georges Pitoëff is producing Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," in the French version of M. Guy de Pourtales. And, of course, the Odéon and the Vieux-Colombier are devotees of the "Great Will," giving "The Merry Wives," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Twelfth Night."

## —And Shoes!

In spite of the longer skirt women are more and more particular about their footgear. The latest fashion is the combination of suède and patent leather. A dainty pair that I have seen was carried out in grey doeskin trimmed with very narrow horizontal bands of patent leather across the shoe. The shoe which only covers foot and instep has no fastening, as women have now learned how to walk with grace and ease in the most scanty footgear.

JEANNETTE.



THE FAMOUS BURGOMASTER OF BRUSSELS AS A STAGE DIRECTOR: M. ADOLPH MAX WITH THE ARTISTS WHO APPEARED BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.

On Wednesday of last week, M. Max, the famous Burgomaster of Brussels, who defied the Germans when they occupied the city, entertained King George and Queen Mary in the Hotel de Ville. Our photograph shows him directing the artists who appeared before the Royal visitors. After the speeches, artists from the Théâtre de la Monnaie sang eighteenth and seventeenth century songs in period costumes, accompanied by an orchestra who played on instruments of the period taken from State Museums.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]

in Paris with his wife. He is rich and bored. So he decides to open a cabinet and give consultations—for he has his diploma as doctor. His first client is an old man of 102 years of age, who is so full of health and vigour that he begins to be disturbed about it. After the first consultation he dies. And then a succession of visitors comes to the doctor's door, and he believes they all are patients. Among them is Marie-Louise (Yvonne Printemps) the *petite main*, who wants a place as chambermaid. Of course, the doctor falls in love with the attractive girl; and at the same time his wife deceives him with an old friend. The *dénouement* is one of Sacha Guitry's singular inventions. The cinema comes to the rescue. Owing to the discovery of an *agent de la sûreté*—"the constat cinématographique"—we are shown a film establishing the *flagrant délit* of



# A Bride and Her Bridesmaids: Three Pretty Sisters.



MARRIED AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PAUL BRIDGEMAN, R.N., AND MISS ALICE KLEINWORT.



ONE OF THE SIX BRIDESMAIDS:  
MISS DAISY KLEINWORT.



ONE OF THE SIX BRIDESMAIDS:  
MISS LILY KLEINWORT.



THE FIFTH DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. KLEINWORT: MRS. PAUL BRIDGEMAN (FORMERLY MISS ALICE KLEINWORT).

The marriage of Miss Alice Kleinwort, fifth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kleinwort, of 45, Belgrave Square, to Lieutenant-Commander Paul Bridgeman, son of the late Brigadier-General the Hon. Francis Bridgeman, and of the Hon. Mrs. Bridgeman, was celebrated at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride, who wore a gown of ivory satin beauté, embroidered with pearls and diamanté, was attended by six brides-

maids: Miss Mary Dawson Damer, Miss Yvonne Cornwallis, Miss Lily and Miss Daisy Kleinwort (sisters), Lady Diana Bridgeman, Miss Sheila Wardrop (cousins of the bridegroom), and Miss Mary Style. The wedding was an important social gathering, and the reception which Mrs. Kleinwort gave after the ceremony was attended by many distinguished people.



## A CENTURY AT THE PORTMAN ROOMS: A ROMANCE OF BUSINESS.

FROM Captain Macheath and his adventures—as recorded in the immortal “Beggar’s Opera”—to the establishment of a great business house in the West End of London may seem a far cry. Yet, strangely enough, there is an association between Gay’s classic and the house of Druce and Co., Ltd., who are just starting a second century of continuous and progressive business in Baker Street. Near the present site of Druce’s (we are told in Lyson’s “Environs”) once stood, in the reign of Queen Anne, a noted tavern with bowling greens and retreats for refreshment, much

Society of past days, now appeal, in their well-ordered displays, to the tastes that have developed with the history made by the firm of Druce and Co., Ltd.

Since its foundation, this same site has been a great centre for exhibitions, wonders and “notions.” Madame Tussaud there opened her “remarkable and entirely new exhibition of life-like models,” in March 1835, and it remained in the Portman Rooms until 1886. The exhibition was approached through a small hall and by a wide staircase, still the entrance to the Portman Rooms, by acquiring which the firm of Druce and Co.

have completed their possession of the whole historic site. Exactly what the firm will do with this latest acquisition will shortly be made public. Probably the opening of a second century of business will see still further additions to the Druce display.

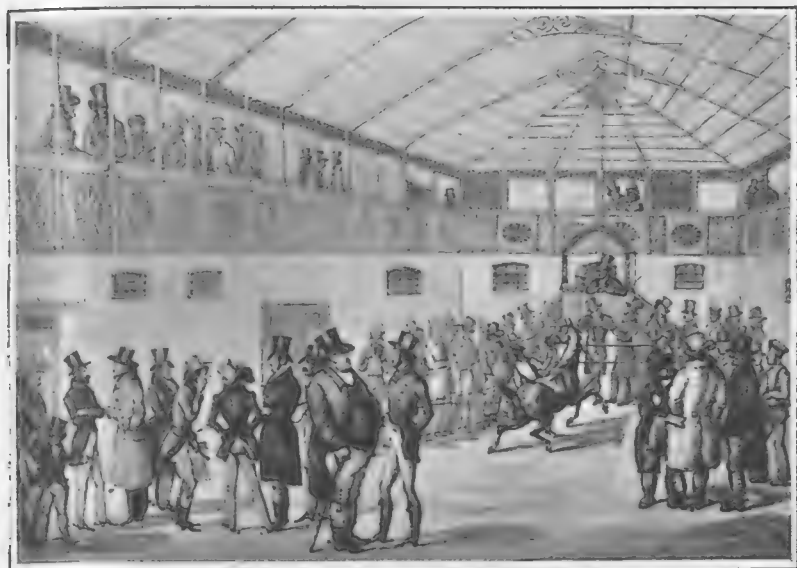
Until about 25 years ago, there existed on the ground floor of the main building, beneath the waxwork show, the Baker Street Bazaar, formerly

Bazaar from 1839 to 1861. The Prince Consort was a regular exhibitor, but he appears to have captured no prizes until 1844, when he was accompanied by Queen Victoria.

After 42 years of uninterrupted association with the business which he founded—an association that was entirely intimate and personal—Mr. Thomas Charles Druce died in 1864. This fact will no doubt recall the *cause célèbre* which, after a decade of litigation, ended as recently as 1909. A dispute arose as to certain claims put forward by some who asserted that Mr. T. C. Druce and the fifth Duke of Portland were one and the same person—the Duke having masqueraded all along as a business man. It was stated that the coffin that contained Mr. Druce’s body, and was interred at Highgate, contained nothing but lead. Because Mr. Herbert Druce, a son of the firm’s founder, made an affidavit in 1898 that he saw his father buried in 1864, he was charged with perjury. The case ended in Mr. Herbert Druce’s favour, by the exhumation in 1908 of the coffin, in which was found “an aged and bearded man.”

But, on the original and extended sites, the business of Druce and Co. still flourished.

Near to the original building ran the little brook called Tyburn, on its course from Shepherds’ Well at Hampstead to Chelsea, where it emptied itself into the Thames. At the turning of the brook was that little upholsterer’s shop. It stood throughout the Regency and the Victorian Era. As the little business grew, its origin, like the brook, disappeared. It changed



A PAGE IN THE ROMANCE OF THE PORTMAN ROOMS: “A VIEW OF THE AUCTION DEPARTMENT AT THE HORSE BAZAAR”—AN OLD PRINT OF 1824.

frequented by the “Quality.” This tavern afterwards grew into disrepute, and is made by Gay the scene of Captain Macheath’s debauches. But that was 200 years or more ago: just a hundred years before Druce opened his shop in Baker Street.

At the end of the eighteenth century, Baker Street was a stretch of farm-land, with Viscount Portman’s farm-house. North of the turnpike, now the site of the Marble Arch, and beyond what was then known as the Oxford Road, was open country. In 1790 a plot of land was leased by Lord Portman to the Government, and on the site which now lies between King Street and Dorset Street, the Life Guards’ barracks were erected. Beside the building, facing Baker Street, there sprang up a row of houses, the ground floors later used for shops.

In one of these little shops a Thomas Charles Druce started as an upholsterer in 1822. During the past hundred years, that little business has so progressed from an insignificant upholsterer’s into a magnificent furniture store, that the present concern has found it necessary to lease almost the entire block which was once the Life Guards’ barracks. Beginning unseen and without pomp or circumstance, the firm of Druce and Co. has pushed its way onward, emerging with its second century of life into the fullness of one of London’s proudest establishments.

One may wander through apparently interminable galleries nowadays, and read in the splendid reproductions that abound there the romance of a business. Drawing-rooms, where once foregathered exclusive

known as the Portman Bazaar.

In another part of the buildings erected for the Army was another bazaar, known as the Horse Bazaar, and it became a most popular rendezvous for Society, as in earlier days, when there flourished not far away the famous Mrs. Montagu’s “Blue Stocking Club.” This bazaar was originally intended for the sale of horses, but eventually trade was conducted chiefly in the sale of “coffee and confections served comfortably at very moderate prices”; in other words, a polite gossip factory. The other bazaar, with its “exhibition of musical and mechanical automata,” was given over about 1850 to a kind of universal market, whose career ended a quarter of a century ago, when it was added to the premises of the growing firm.

Perhaps the most notable of all the occupants was the Royal Smithfield Club, which held its annual cattle show in the Horse



IN THE YEAR OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION: “THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, 1851”—HELD IN THE HORSE BAZAAR ON THE PORTMAN ROOMS SITE.

its course; it lost its original semblance. During its progress it has enveloped other existences, both commercially and architecturally, until, to-day, at the end of one hundred years, it occupies the scene of so much dead romance and forgotten activities as the soundest and largest business of its kind.

The character of the site is nevertheless maintained; for the business of Druce and Co. is still a faithful mirror of the times from long before 1822 to the present day.

# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

## Another Record Double.

Whether the chatter, official and otherwise, of the possibility of discarding a speed-limit for motor-cars on our roads has produced a "scorching" fever I cannot tell, but my old friend McCormack, of the Wolseley, has certainly set his rival manufacturers a hot pace with the tiny Wolseley "ten" car lately. Not content with the fifteen records in the "light car" class which this 10-h.p. Wolseley made at Brooklands last year, good old Mac sent this little bus round the track on May 2 and 3 to capture the "double twelve-hour" record. Driven by Captain Miller, Mr. C. A. Vandervell, and Mr. C. F. Temple in turns of two hours, it not merely succeeded in its endeavour, but put up thirteen new records besides the "double-twelve," in which it covered 1465.6 miles at an average speed of 61.06 miles per hour—the light class record and a British record for all cars. In fact, it was a "double" in every sense. This is quite a wonderful performance when it is considered that this is not a specially designed racing car, but a Wolseley standard "ten" modified to suit racing conditions and fitted with a streamline single-seater body. Anyway, no one can say that this little car will not stand up to hard work in the manner its makers have claimed for it, as this long run on consecutive days is proof of the soundness of Wolseley design and materials. On its first day's twelve-hour run it covered 843 miles at an average speed of 70.32 miles per hour; and the fastest lap was over 75 miles an hour.

## New Gadgets on 14-h.p. Sunbeam.

Prejudice against having only battery - and - coil ignition has induced the Sunbeam factory to change over to a magneto on the 14-h.p. Sunbeam, because so many of their customers have asked for it. Why I do not know, as all the owners of these cars of my acquaintance tell me they have had no ignition troubles with the battery system. Still, the facts are as stated, so the present batch of "fourteens" are to have a magneto fitted, the drive for it being in tandem from the dynamo driving shaft. Which, by the way, reminds me of another gadget on this 14-h.p. chassis. For the dynamo itself is now positively driven from the water-pump shaft; so the old belt-dynamo drive is gone, and away has fled belt-slip, which is always a bit of a bugbear to motorists. Also the charge to the battery is now bound to be constant and regular. At the same time, those motorists who like the original ignition system—coil and distributor—can still have it if they wish, so both parties can be pleased. Besides these modifications to this car, the chassis itself has been improved and strengthened to give increased space and comfort in the coachwork super-

structure. This applies both to the adjustable driving-seat and for the passengers on the hindmost cushions—which should be pleasant news for those whose limbs are long and beams are wide, as now two "Daniel Lamberts" can sit in these back seats with comfort and without jostling each other. Another new feature is a neat method of disposing of the all-weather curtains when not in use. At the back of the driving seat is a shallow receptacle concealed by a hinged lid fastened by a small handle, in which these curtains can lie flat and be kept clean. In these days when the improvement in the side-curtains—such



MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER'S TRIP TO SWITZERLAND BY AIR IN TWELVE AND A HALF HOURS: LEAVING CROYDON AERODROME.

Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, founder of the Aero Club, went for a week-end trip to Switzerland by air to see his nephew, who is studying at Lausanne, and found that the journey only took twelve and a half hours instead of the usual forty-six hours train journey. In Paris one changes aeroplanes and embarks for Lausanne by the regular service, which leaves on Saturday and returns on Monday. Our inset photograph shows Mr. Hedges Butler with one of his party.

as opening with the doors without unfastening buttons or straps—is so great, and the fixing of them causes no trouble or



THE "PRAMOTOR" AND NURSE-CHAUFFEUR: THE LATEST NOVELTY FOR H.M. THE BABY.

The petrol-driven pram, or "Pramotor," is the latest invention in the motor world. It is propelled by a small petrol engine fixed to an extra wheel attached just behind the back of the pram, with foot-rests for the nurse-chauffeur. Baby can travel at the rate of four miles per hour without vibration.

Photograph by C.N.



difficulty, the purchasers of touring cars like this 14-h.p. Sunbeam really get thorough protection in bad weather and closed-car comfort at open-car price.

## Relay Motor-Boat Races.

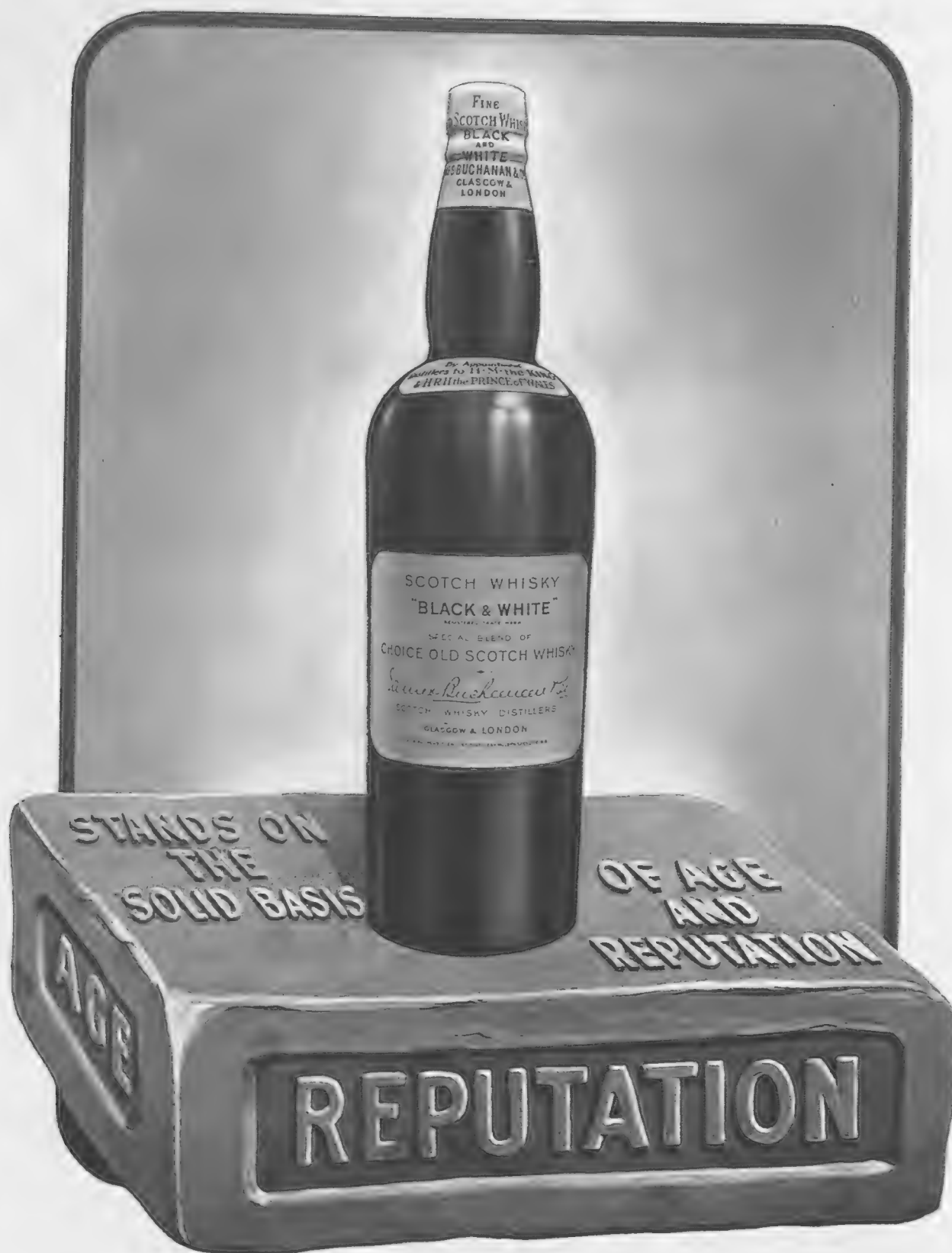
Last year the British Motor Boat Club ran two very successful relay races for the first time, so this year they are to form part of the programme at the various meetings. Any motor-boat can enter, though cruisers will not be allowed to use their sails. The handicapper pairs up the boats, and he should run with the slowest

boat, then the next fastest with the second slowest, and so on. The race is two rounds of a short course, and the slower boat completes the first round by re-crossing the starting line, when the faster boat of the pair takes up the running and does the second round. The handicaps are given at the start, so the first boat to cross the line in the second round is the actual winner. The handicap time-allowances are, of course, added together for each pair of boats, so the interest is maintained throughout the race, and especially so at the change-over period, when the fast boat takes up the running. I wonder Colonel Lindsay Lloyd does not try this relay-race game for some meetings at Brooklands when entries are small, as I think it would be equally amusing for the spectators to see fast and slow cars paired up.

## Parking Cars in London.

We are getting quietly Americanised in this country without knowing it. That is to say, some of the good points of their administration are being adopted for the parking of cars in London and other cities of the Old Country. Motorists have rightly kicked at being fined for causing an obstruction by leaving their cars in the roadway when shopping, so at last the Metropolitan Police authorities have issued a preliminary list of approved parking places for private motor carriages. In the Pall Mall district, Waterloo Place and St. James's Square, long used by motorists, are now officially approved; while in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly one is allowed to leave the car in the centre of Sackville Street for short waits of fifteen minutes; Savile Row and Cork Street for longer periods; also in Albemarle Street for short waits, and at the north side of St. James's Square for longer ones. Here, by the way, at the cab-shelter, is a telephone, and cars can be called up from that point to fetch the *memsahib* and the family from the shop that has unloosened the purse-strings. Around Regent Street cars may be parked in Golden Square, at the top of Warwick Street at the eastern end; Conduit Street on the cab-rank if there are no cabs using it; Savile Row, Great Marlborough Street in the centre, Hanover Square (but not on the cab-rank), and George Street, the upper portion from Maddox Street to Hanover Square—two vehicles to stand abreast at the northern end, with a single line lower down. As for Harrod's and Brompton Road, there is Hans Road, Basil Street, a bit of Hans Crescent, and the centre of the road in Walton Place for use as parking places.





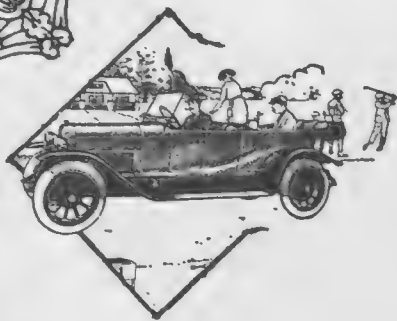
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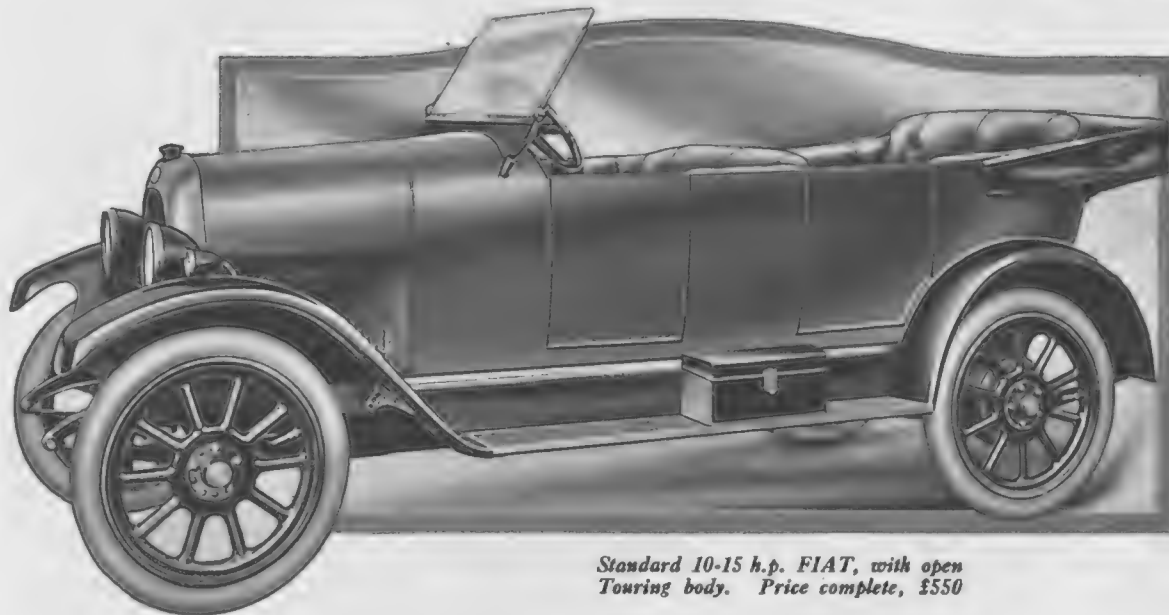
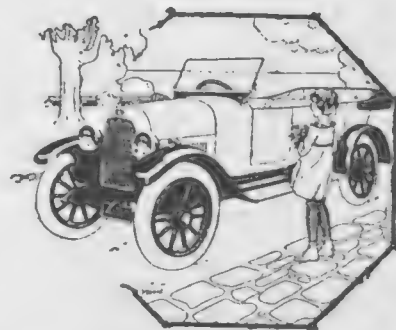
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# FIAT



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WEARING A LOVELY LUCILE EVENING GOWN.



**Court Dress.**

Everyone is delighted to know that Courts are to be held this season. No attire can quite compare with the stately loveliness of Court dress, which becomes the young girl and older woman equally well. Trains are to be two yards long from the shoulder, and must not be more than eighteen inches from the heel. Skirts will be of ankle length, except for the débutante, who may wear her gown four inches off the ground. Veils and feathers are to be of pre-war magnificence, though, of course, the latter must be a little lower, to correspond with the shorter train. No innovations will be permitted; the three feathers should be worn a little to the left side of the head, and must be upright. The débutante's frock will be particularly beautiful; the great dress artists are using lace, silver tissue, and trails of flowers to create these masterpieces. Bouquets are optional, but everyone will admit that they add to the grace of these elegant gowns.

**Sleeves or No Sleeves?**

Most of the evening gowns are innocent of sleeves, but the neck-line is still cut fairly high both back and front. Transparent sleeves of the angel order are very beautiful; some of these drape the arm from shoulder to wrist, then fall to the ground weighted with a gigantic flower or tuft of ostrich fronds. The little peasant sleeve is making its appearance once more, and this is extremely pretty for summer frocks. What is more becoming than a dainty muslin puff finished with a frill at the elbow? The three-piece costume has come to stay, and many of the so-called coats are sleeveless. These are made with enormous arm-holes, allowing the sleeve of the dress or jumper to pass through.

**The Choice of Colours and Materials.**

Every colour is fashionable, but shades of red and yellow are great favourites. Pure white frocks for day and evening wear will be very popular as

summer approaches. These, however, will be worn with multi-coloured hats, and gorgeous jewelled head-dresses, as the case may be. Organdie, the most delicate of all muslins, is to be used for Ascot frocks.



The softest of jade-green velour lined with shot-green and gold silk is Burberrys' idea for an Ascot wrap.

Tucked, ruched, and ornamented with hand-made flowers of the same material, these dresses are the very essence of youth and freshness. Striped taffetas, of three or more colours on a silver-white ground, is exquisite for evening dresses and cloaks. Dyed ostrich feathers are used on the cloaks; but, as the gowns made in these fascinating tissues require very little ornamentation, gold or silver lace edgings are all that is needed.

**Mauve Georgette and Fuchsia Velvet.**

There is always a subtle attraction about a pretty hat that few women can resist. If your hat is "right," your whole toilette is right;

but if it is "wrong," even this season's latest creation will be spoilt. It would be difficult to find more delightful hats than those pictured on this page; Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are responsible for them. Pale mauve crinoline straw is underlined with fuchsia georgette, and twists of fuchsia velvet encircle the crown. This hat is large, and a delicate bunch of tiny mauve, blue, and pink roses lends it a picturesque charm. Straw is used to decorate the brim of the second hat. This is carried out in a soft tint of green georgette, and two ostrich plumes of shaded blue and green are posed elegantly on one side. A tulle hat, the brim of which is pointed at the sides, is edged with narrow straw, and finished at the back with a straw rosette; the price is 49s. 6d. Jersey and ribbon hats that bend to suit any fancy are always becoming, and can be obtained for 39s. 6d.

**A Creation in Green and Gold.**

A cloak is an essential garment that no woman can afford to do without; in all weathers and all climes it is a necessity. Burberrys (Haymarket) have designed the exquisite cape-cloak pictured on this page, and it fulfils several purposes. Carried out in the softest of jade-green velour, and lined with Burberrys' hazel silk of shot green and gold, it is an ideal wrap to wear with an Ascot frock. Made in other material, it will be delightful for more ordinary circumstances, for the large collar can be wrapped closely round the throat, which is always an acquisition. Waistcoats are very fashionable, and look charming when made in suède of delicate pastel shades. Suède hats can be obtained to match the waistcoats, and the ensemble is most attractive. Everyone knows that Burberrys' tailored suits spell perfection; these can be obtained in every kind of proofed material, and are equally suitable for town or country.

[Continued overleaf.]



Dickins and Jones have ornamented this exquisite mauve hat with fuchsia velvet and shaded roses.



Green-blue ostrich feathers are used to decorate this charming hat of green georgette, sketched at Dickins and Jones.

*Age does not come with the blare of trumpets. It creeps along on velvet slippers—and we are old before we know it.*



## GOSSARD

Front Lacing

## CORSETS

AND yet so many women, who would not think of neglecting their faces, are falling into careless ways about their figures—the most relentless betrayers of advancing years.

Thoughtless is the woman who looks upon her youthful slenderness as a permanent gift and neglects to protect it with proper corsetry. Nature needs help at any age, and the right wisp of a corset worn in youth is a protection against the laborious task of attempting to regain lost poise and figure lines in later life.

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GOSSARD Corsets are moderately priced—well within the reach of all.

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Short Slender

Ideal Figure  
Tall Heavy

Ideal Figure  
Short Heavy

Ideal Figure  
Large Below  
Waist

Ideal Figure  
Large Above  
Waist

Ideal Figure  
Curved Back

Ideal Figure  
Short Waisted



## WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

## Blouses and Jumpers.

Fashions may come and fashions may go, but the blouse and jumper stand firmly in the front ranks, and, although they change with the times, they will never disappear. What is smarter, or more practical

The waistcoat effect is charming with the new linked coats, and the price of this delightful shirt—which can also be obtained in white—is 39s. 6d. The jumper pictured is of brown crêpe-de-Chine entirely embroidered with little silver and gold beads. The fulness is caught at the sides by a close-fitting band, and the price is 69s. 6d. Blouses and jumpers can be made to order in any colour, and there are many other attractive models.

clothes for young people, hats, shoes, lingerie, etc. One, or several, will be sent on application.

## Ice-Cream for Everyone.

There are few people who can resist an ice, but until recently it has always been more or less a trouble to have ices in our own homes. A year ago Lyons' ice-cream brick made its appearance, so now it is possible for everyone to have the most delicious ices on every occasion. This so-called "brick" is quite hard, and remains solid for two hours—time enough for it to be bought at a Lyons tea-shop and taken home for consumption.

## "The Violet Book."

Much has been written about the violet. Poets love to sing its praises, and few writers can resist the temptation of using the enchanting little flower to express some elusive allegory. But it has been left to the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown to write a book on the violet; and as they know more about



Shoolbred's have used maize-coloured crêpe-de-Chine for the elegant waistcoat-blouse, and gold thread for embroidering the brown jumper.

for wearing with a tailored costume, than a silk blouse? Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road, have carried out the blouse sketched on this page in maize-coloured crêpe-de-Chine, and finished it with hem-stitching.

**Frocks of Fruit Cretonne.** The cretonne frock is one of the most charming summer creations. At the request of her *clientèle*, Mme. Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street, has designed and carried out some very exclusive frocks in this fascinating material. The one pictured is of old-rose cotton crêpe, ornamented with points and squares of contrasting cretonne, which is quite an innovation. The piped sash can be tied at will to indicate the low line or the natural waist-line. Fruit cretonne frocks in soft, artistic colourings will find many admirers. Little bunches of blue and dusky red cherries on a shadowy background are delightful; while lemon and green apples appear so cool and fresh-looking. These frocks—which are made chemise shape, but in several styles—cost from 4½ guineas, and the older woman has been remembered as often as the young girl. Cretonne hats in many shapes, suitable for wearing with these frocks or with tailored costumes, can be obtained for 2 guineas. Mme. Elizabeth's short summer wraps in the softest of homespuns are just what we all require after a game of tennis; but a visit to South Molton Street is the only way of appreciating these fascinating country clothes.

## Good News for the Older Woman.

D. H. Evans and Co., Oxford Street, have used the softest of grey charmeuse and grey ciré lace for the delightful frock sketched here. The three-quarter sleeve is most becoming to the older woman; and the narrow panels, decorated with shining black ornaments, give the long, elegant line so much desired. The price is only 9 guineas. Black satin and georgette form another dress. This is ornamented in the front and at the bottom of the wide sleeves with a very fascinating trimming of black bugle beads and rust-red braid. D. H. Evans are making a specialty of cotton foulard gowns in large sizes which can be obtained for 59s. 6d. Made in many shapes, these charming dresses have floating side-panels or straight full skirts. Carried out in black and white or navy-blue and white foulard, they will prove a blessing to the older woman, who often finds it so difficult to procure suitable summer clothes.

## Something New for the Summer.

Everyone is seeking something new in summer frocks and hats. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street and Regent Street, have some really charming things that will delight the young girl and also her mother. There are frocks for every taste and occasion. Striped zephyr and ratine frocks, suitable for tennis, can be obtained from 23s. 6d. Charming cotton georgette dresses, decorated with contrasting embroideries, are 73s. 6d. Draped foulard gowns, with long wide sleeves, cost 94s. 6d. Peter Robinson have issued an illustrated booklet for each department—



Grey ciré lace over the softest of grey charmeuse makes this charming frock. Sketched at D. H. Evans'.

this plant than most people, "The Violet Book" is sure of success. This gentle little flower with its haunting charm has been traced back by the Misses Allen-Brown to the earliest legends; then they teach us how to tend and cultivate the violet for our pleasure and profit. The most ignorant of gardeners could not fail to produce violets after reading this charming book, for everything is explained in simple language. It can be obtained, post free, for 6s. 6d. from The Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex.



Touche of bright cretonne on a rose-coloured crêpe frock will delight every woman. Sketched at Elizabeth's, 45, South Molton Street.

# A POT-POURRI



The delightful hat at the top of the page is beige in colour, with loops of blue velvet falling gracefully at the side. Scarlet canvas is used for the second hat, which is ornamented with velvet to match. Sketched at Henry Heath's, 107, Oxford Street, W.

Silver lace and white crêpe marocain make this garden-party frock on the right. The brown crinoline hat is decorated with paradise. Sketched at Woollands', Knightsbridge, S.W.



The tiny tots must be cool and comfortable, so they are dressed in charming Celes frocks and suits.



Debenham and Freebody's have finished this attractive Ascot wrap with a becoming collar of black taffetas petals.





Panels of gold lace and a beaded gold belt are shown to advantage on this delightful black crêpe-de-Chine gown. From Gorrings, in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.



Black jet and ospreys are used for the fashionable headdress pictured at the top of this page. Flowers and fruit finished with tulle ends for the one below. From Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Madame Barri, 31, Baker Street, has dressed the wee maiden in muslin, and trimmed her bonnet with roses. Her sister is wearing a georgette frock with hems of gabardine.

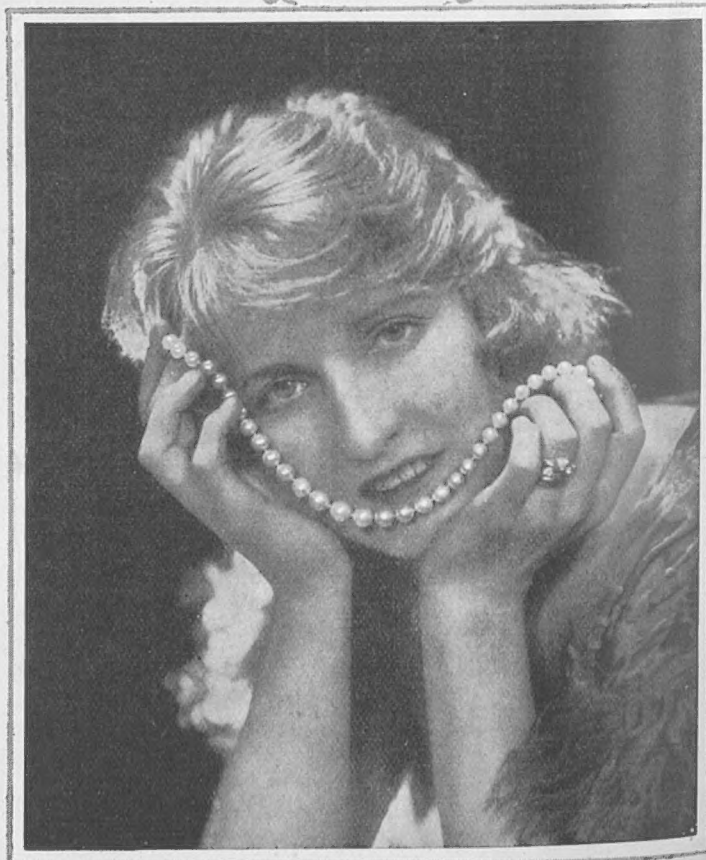
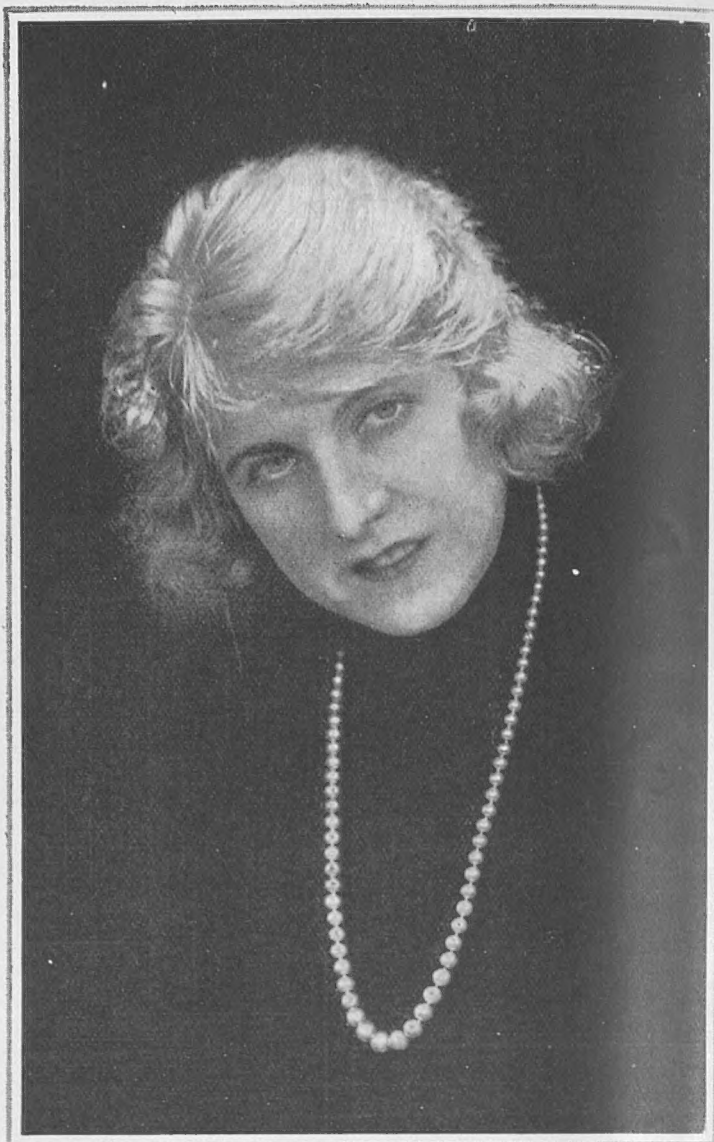


An evening wrap in flower'd broché is a thing of beauty, especially when ornamented with long silk fringe. Sketched at Gooch's, Brompton Road.



## GEMS OF THE MOMENT.

*Miss Ivy Close, the well-known film actress, has recently completed a wonderful film produced by Abel Gance, and nearly lost her life on Mont Blanc, where some of the scenes were enacted. Miss Close is seen wearing a rope of the beautiful Tecla Pearls.*



*No woman of to-day considers her toilette complete without a string of Tecla Pearls. These exquisite gems are renowned for their subtle beauty, and the delicate purity of their lustre matches their prototypes of the Orient in everything but origin.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN NEAME.





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Dundee—Miss Hill Rennie, 7, Union St.  
Edinburgh—John King, 52, Princes St.

Exeter—D. Theeuwissen, 11, The Arcade.  
N. Finchley—Mrs. Norris, 79a, High St., N.  
Hull—Swallow & Barry, 24, George St.  
Leeds—Miss Manning, 27, County Arcade.  
Leicester—Alfred E. Bird, 77, Queen's Rd.  
Manchester—Maison Taylor, 26, King St.  
131, Oxford Rd., All Saints.  
Margate—W. E. Shotton, Ltd., 21, Albert Terrace.

Newcastle-on-Tyne—Miss Marguerite Joice, 1, St. Mary's Place.

Richmond—Rickert & Tietze, 5, Lower George St., S.W.

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# What Every Woman Wants.



The lady with the powder-puff is wearing a shell-pink georgette frock embroidered with exquisite crystal beads, while her companion is dressed in apricot crêpe marocain ornamented with steel beads. Isobel, 4, Maddox Street, is responsible for these charming gowns.

Everything for the boudoir can be obtained at Marshall and Snelgrove's. The delightful accessories sketched are decorated with brightly painted floral designs in relief.



The birdcage lamp and fascinating cushions come from Harvey Nichols, also the attractive black stool which opens and reveals quite a spacious box.

